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THE CHILD IN ART.

BY J. W. MORTON, JR.

TO admit dislike for children is to plead guilty of general misanthropy. To abhor children, as some profess to do, denotes that the milk of human kindness, native in every human heart, has dried up or leaked out, leaving a shrivelled, empty shell. Sad, indeed, must have been the experience of the child-hater, who has grown insensible to the charms of youth, who sees no beauty in the unfolding of a new human soul, who cannot hear the music of heaven

in a baby's prattling voice. It is pleasant to realize that almost all of those who profess dislike for children, do so falsely.

We all like to associate beautiful ideas with childhood. A fond mother, observing a slight contortion agitating the face of her sleeping babe, chose to ascribe it to a smile provoked by "the whispering of angels," and, of course, she felt very much aggrieved when a gruff old physician suggested "worms" as a more rational explanation. We do not



MOTHERLY SISTER. BY ELISABETH GARDNER.

like to see our ideals swept away by the ruthless hand of science. It is actually brutal to suggest that a baby's sweet sleeping smile may be discontinued by the use of *santonin*.

In his way the child is the most

nibal or *Cæsar*; and it is rivaled, in the fond parent's estimation, only by that to her primary development, the first tooth. Our lives would be hum-drum, prosaic, and dull, indeed, but for the enlivening presence of the child, whose

sweet influence brightens and purifies them.

We start in life with all the innocence and trustfulness of an infant's soul, and may consider ourselves fortunate, indeed, if we emerge from the garb of babyhood with these childish attributes intact.

To keep in touch with child-life is to preserve the freshness of our youth and to protect our souls from guile. No man can be wholly bad who loves children and whom children love. Beware of him who hears no music in the cooing of an infant; who fails to discern in the pure face and wondering eyes of a sweet girl baby a message fresh from angel scribes; who shuns the presence of wee toddlers as a bat shuns God's own sunlight, and in whose misanthropic heart the wail of a suffering little one reëchoes like a curse rather than a prayer.



RETROSPECTION. BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

potential force in all the world. His sceptre is love, and love has no master. In at least *one* heart the baby always reigns supreme. What melody can charm the ear like the first lisps of a tiny tongue, struggling so earnestly with its first "pa-pa" or "ma-ma." All the choruses and orchestras of earth cannot compare with these first soul-tones to the mother's waiting ear. And the first step—its importance overshadows the most portentous marches of Han-

Because of this inborn love of children the Child in Art holds a place no less worthy, no less secure, than the glorious faces and forms of the inspired idealist, or the white and yellow problems of the modern "impressionist." No workers in the realm of brush and palette, save the great artists of the deep religious school, can touch the inner heart of man so tenderly as those fortunate, gifted men and women who possess the power to transfer to inert canvas

the bloom and innocence and mischief of the child. To the same category belong the few whose brushes can portray, with fidelity most touching, the old familiar scenes of "home" and "mother"—two rare and tender words that always carry us back through the storms and tempests of maturer years to the never-to-be-forgotten days of childhood.

A child's existence is not always made up of sunshine and of flowers. No sorrows are more deep, while they last, than those of infancy, and none are more pathetic. The little "Orphan Girl," by Landelle, is an example of the Child in Art that will appeal to the most generous sympathy of every normal human soul. The young face shows, too early, the dark traces of unhappiness. She has her task to do, and cannot leave the walls that shut her out from the fresh air and freedom on which children thrive. We can almost read the silent protest in her eyes, though her mien is humble, and but slight traces of ambitious hope remain. Her sombre gown befits her dull, unchildlike surroundings.

The little "Motherly Sister," a bright conception of Elisabeth Gardner, portrays an aspect of child-life which we readily recognize. Her more mature experience has made the older girl the natural guardian of her younger sister, whose rash indulgence in some seductive edible not regularly upon the *menu* for the day has brought swift retribution. What a look of earnest solicitude and apprehension accompanies that gentle stroking of the "seat of war!" To the younger eyes the older sister seems to be a woman of great wisdom and infinite resources. Children grow wonderfully

trustful when in distress, just like their elders; and when they feel safe and secure, their inborn spirit of self-reliance speedily returns. Note Léon Olivie's "In the Menagerie." This little girl defies the lion in his cage, and gazes steadily at the rolling eyes and sharp-clawed paws not two feet distant. Her attitude is that of perfect confidence. We can almost hear her say: "*You can't get me!*" Like men and women grown, a child



IN THE MENAGERIE. BY LÉON OLIVIE.

can be brave when safe from danger.

Leo Dehaisne has amply shown his power to depict blank wonderment upon the face of a chubby infant. His "Entre deux larrons" is a master-piece in its way. Note the development of "old Adam" in humanity! The older



A DULL DAY.
BY C. FOULD ACHILLE.

child has learned already the pleasures of stealthy acquisition, but the baby can only look with open-eyed surprise upon his two despoilers. He has not yet learned to be selfish—or else he has already eaten his fill. It is easier to be unselfish when one has had enough. While we can, let us ascribe unselfishness to the highest motives. This sweet infant is quite

willing to divide his substance with the kitten and the older, more aggressive youngster. He is not selfish—yet.

In studying the composition of the pictures in which child-life is the dominating feature, one cannot fail to be impressed with the almost universal, and therefore seemingly natural, association of certain animals with certain epochs. What animal seems so natural a companion for an infant as a playful kitten? A very young and inexperienced puppy sometimes seems to meet artistic requirements quite as well; but the full-grown cat, and the sober-minded mature dog, are almost always reserved for days when short dresses and independent pedestrianism are characteristic of the central



THE ORPHAN GIRL. BY LANDELLE.

figures. And a pony or an ugly donkey frequently serves as a foil for an artistic representation of the boy who has reached his grammar-school days. This progression, I may add, is carried on in art until its acme is reached in the thrilling picture of a powerful warrior, bravely mounted on a prancing steed almost as fiercely imposing as the man of blood himself.

Dehaisne's picture, of which we have

of conscious power, that universal love of making something or some one absolutely subservient; this is a human weakness that begins at birth, and only ends when death has taught us how really powerless we are.

To the child of five long, weary years, the past seems like an interminable vista. As the little hills we climbed in childhood seem, in remembrance, like veritable Himalayas, so do our earlier years



BY-GONE DAYS.

already spoken, would lack completeness without the kitten, and the youngster with "the new whip," would be quite inconsequential but for the pack of brutes over whom this new possession is to give him perfect mastery. While he had no whip, the dogs were his loving companions; now he is supreme ruler of the pack. We can see his look

appear to be an endless round of days and nights, drawn out interminably. The little miss whom Sir Joshua Reynolds has created for us in his well-known "Retrospection," is evidently recalling some half-forgotten event that occurred "a long time ago, when I was a little girl." She seems to be considering a subject of considerable importance—to

her; for she is sober and sedate, as only a very young person can be when struggling with some ponderous problem. Perhaps she is trying to reconcile with probability some fantastic fairy tale a foolish older person has attempted to palm off on her as a veritable truth. She may be wondering if a "rag man" really will carry her off if she does or does not do some prescribed act. She looks sensible enough to feel aggrieved at the palpable likelihood that mother or

Many of them are pitiful in the extreme, showing poor, half-fed and half-clad children forced to engage in a traffic that is only a step removed from beggary. We have a fine example of another class in the fine painting of C. Fould Achille, entitled "A Dull Day." This little merchant has one great advantage over his *confrères* who peddle wax matches and boutonnières. If he cannot sell his wares, he at least can eat them; and, at the close of a day of "commercial pros-



BETWEEN TWO ROBBERS. BY LEO DEHAISNE.

nurse has made a serious effort to induce her to believe some story that even her child-sense resents as utterly false. Too many innocent little hearts are made familiar with untruth by just such wicked thoughtlessness, until it seems a light thing, and no sin to lie. Let this beautiful example of the Child in Art be at once a warning and a rebuke.

Our artists have furnished us with many fine portrayals of youthful merchants, venders of matches, flowers, etc.

tration," he proceeds to do so with evident relish and no appearance of grieving over lack of patronage. Happy boy! his wealth is convertible at will into something he can consume. When he goes regularly into trade, he will often wish for boyhood's happy days, when "surplus stock" meant simply something more to swallow.

The world is full of just such hearty, wholesome pictures, and they rank among the choicest specimens of the painter's

inspirations. If anyone be unaware of the vast influence of the Child in Art, let him go with me to any of the great galleries and note the faces and the comments of the motley throngs that gather there. We shall find that many of the visitors are people quite devoid of art

that shall enable them to criticize without becoming ridiculous; and a few who have true inspiration and the power to select the evil from the good. We stand aside and watch the passers-by, noting their characteristics by their countenances and their comments. One will linger



THE NEW WHIP. BY C. BURTON BARBER.

education. Some visit the galleries because it seems to be "the style" to do so; some who are charmed by a combination of high colors, whether seen upon a finished canvas or a common "coupon" chromo; others who strive in vain to acquire a power of discrimination

for an hour to admire a view of rugged headland towering above a waste of riotous green waters, rock-rent; another feasts his eyes upon the quiet pasture, with its herd of sleepy cows, chewing the interminable cud of contentment beneath a widespread oak; still another pauses

long before a sweet-faced Madonna, but casts constant furtive glances at a dangerous Bougeoreau on the wall beyond; ideal heads and Whistler "symphonies" receive the usual measure of polite attention and misconception. The average of appreciation is, at best, but languid, until we reach a masterpiece of Von Bremen, Dehaisne, or some other of the heaven-gifted devotees of their school, and we see a group of happy children with sunny curls and laughing eyes, or a toddling babe stumbling with faltering

step and outstretched hands toward the loving arms that wait to greet him. Then all faces are flooded from chin to brow with the simple, unaffected glow of undoubted appreciation and admiration, while the lips fervently murmur that hearty though perhaps unconscious tribute to the painter's skill: "Oh, isn't it *sweet!*" Then we know that the great heart of humanity, without regard to cults and schools, recognizes with perfect unanimity the wondrous power of the Child in Art.

A SUMMER LULLABY.

BY AMY E. BLANCHARD.

RING low, bells, in breezes swinging,
Swing low, boughs from tall trees springing;
Warble, field lark, hid in clover,
Whistle, robin, day is over.
Sleep, my baby, sleep, my sweet,
Light and dark in shadows meet;
Fading rose in fading sky,
Sleep, my baby, bye-lo-by.

Poppy-red the west is showing,
Sunset's golden gleams are glowing
All along the river's edges,
Silver-streaked the purple ledges;
Sleep, my baby, sleep, and dream
Lilies float on yonder stream;
Evening's star is in the sky,
Sleep, my baby, bye-lo-by.

Four o'clock has ceased to number
Daylight's hours; roses slumber,
Powdered moth begins his roaming,
Up the heavens moon is coming;
Sleep, my baby, sleep, my sweet,
Cricket chirps in rip'ning wheat,
Bats go circling through the sky,
Sleep, my baby, bye-lo-by.

Nestle birds their sleek heads under
Wings that hide the moonlight wonder;
Overhead the clouds are drifting,
Moonbeams through the leaves are sifting;
Sleep, my baby, sleep, my sweet,
Clouds are few and shadows fleet;
Tender light o'er land and sky,
Sleep, my baby, bye-lo-by.

GIDEON'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY WAKE ROBIN.

GIDEON BRIGHT was the proprietor of the only barber shop in the village of A—. He was well-to-do and unmarried, and was not a "bad looking man." At least he told himself so as he carefully brushed his well-kept hair back from his forehead, and gazed at his reflection in the mirror. This is what he saw: A short, fat, little man, with his hair carefully parted in the back and combed forward over his ears, and (truth must be told, if he was a barber) a bald spot on the top of his head. This bald spot had steadily increased in size in spite of all the "vigors" and "elixirs" that he had regularly applied to it. To-day, as he looked at it, it seemed to be larger than ever, and he said to himself as he applied the wash:

"It's no use, Gideon. You are getting old, and you might just as well own it first as last. If you had any spunk at all, you'd have been married long ago."

Just then Deacon Hemper came in to have his beard trimmed, and Gideon smilingly advanced to serve his old customer.

Gideon was very bashful, and always got fidgety and red in the face whenever a woman spoke to him, and always said 'no' when he meant to say 'yes,' and if he did venture to be agreeable to a lady he always made a dismal failure of it; and so he kept getting worse, and, although he was very fond of their society, finally avoided them as much as possible.

Years ago there had been a vague rumor afloat that "Gideon was goin' to marry Philena Pray." Gideon heard that rumor and heartily wish that it was the truth, but he knew that much as he wished it to be so, he had not the courage to find out what *she* thought about it.

Philena Pray was the daughter of the village clergyman, and had been a handsome girl, rather above the medium height, with flashing black eyes and rosy cheeks. She was not lacking in spirit,

and one day, after Gideon had kept her company for six years, and they were no nearer an understanding than they were at first, she made up her mind to bring matters to a crisis; and so, when Gideon stepped up to see her home from meeting, she jilted him before them all, and went home with her father.

Gideon went home in no pleasant mood. As he sat before his fire he ran his fingers through his hair until it stood on end, and then he would rise and pace the floor, and talk to himself. This was a habit he had when excited.

"I declare! It's too bad! I don't know as I blame her either. Here I've been going with her for *six years*, and I've never had the courage to tell her how well I love her. I believe she knows that I want her, an' she thinks it's time I told her so, an' so it is. I won't let another day pass over my head without knowin' just what she thinks."

Well for Gideon if he had kept his resolution, but when morning came he felt more bashful and timid than ever. He said to himself, "It's now or never." He walked briskly along, and soon arrived at Parson Pray's gate. Philena was working among the flowers that grew near the gate. She was expecting him, and her heart beat a little faster, and her cheek took on a rosier hue, as she said:

"Good morning, Gideon."

"Good morning, Philena."

"Won't you come in?"

She smiled as she spoke, and Gideon thought there never was a fairer woman in the world. She took a step toward the gate as if to open it. Gideon got very red and stammered—

"N-o, I thank you." He realized that he had made a blunder, and it confused him more and more. He took off his hat, and furiously mopped his perspiring brow, and then said:

"I left something at the church last night and I was going after it."

Poor Gideon! he was so worked up by this time that he could not think of another word to say, and he pulled his hat over his eyes, and abruptly walked away. Philena did not speak her thoughts aloud, if she had she would have said, "I guess he did leave something, he left his *brains* if he's got any, for he didn't have any this morning. I wonder if he expects me to offer myself to him. If I should, he'd get as red as a lobster and say, 'it's of no account. Please don't discommode yourself, Miss Philena.'"

She cast a look of scorn after him, and then went about her work.

Gideon went on his way, angry with himself for his blunder. "I'd kick myself if I could. *'I'd left something at the church.'* Wasn't that a bright speech? You're an *idiot*, Gideon Bright." He turned about and walked back, fully determined to go straight to Philena. He walked slowly by the house but he did not see Philena. His courage, as usual, left him at the last moment, and he walked homeward; and when he was once more in his little shop, his face wore a despairing look as he said:

"Gideon Bright, you've let the chance of your life slip by. I don't believe she'd have you now anyway."

Philena saw him when he came back, and she really hoped that he would come in, but she was disappointed, and as she walk slowly by, she thought—

"I don't believe he cares anything for me. I'm glad I gave him the mitten last night before all the folks. I'll see that he don't get the chance to pay me."

True to her resolution she avoided Gideon, merely speaking in a civil way when she passed him in the street, or met him at a friend's house.

Year after year went swiftly by, and still Philena did not marry. This was her own choice, for several worthy men had sought her hand. Try as she would to put him out of her mind, the face of Gideon Bright haunted her dreams, and she would softly sigh—

"If he only had the least bit of *gumption*."

Gideon still loved Philena with all his heart, and fondly hoped some day to win her. He lived in the rooms over his

barber shop, and took his meals at Dame Gafton's, who lived next door. Being so much alone, he got more in the habit of talking to himself, and Philena was generally the subject of his conversation.

At the time my story opens, Gideon was forty-two years old, and Philena was thirty-eight.

After Gideon had trimmed Deacon Hemper's beard, he accompanied him to the door, and as they stood there in the sunshine talking in a gossip, neighborly way, young Sereno Hemper came along. He was going to have a picnic on the Fourth of July in their grove, three miles from the village. He wished Gideon to attend.

Gideon could talk well enough when he was with the men, and he said:

"I'd like to go. I'd enjoy it real well. It's a long time since I attended a picnic. But then—it's no use thinking about it. I'd just be an odd one among you."

"Oh, don't talk that way. We're all going in a big wagon, and we mean to have a jolly time."

Gideon consented to go, and they walked on and he returned to his little shop. He longed to go and invite Philena to accompany him, and he said softly, as he polished his shears before he put them away:

"Now, Gideon, be a man, and ask Philena to accompany you to the picnic. It's better late than never, and you might get her yet. I almost think she likes you a *little*, and then she refused John Haimes, and perhaps you have been mistaken all these years, and she does care for you. Anyway, I believe I'll ask Philena to go to the picnic with me."

He started out, and just as he turned the corner, who should he meet but Philena! He merely said "good morning," and hurried into the grocery near by as though he really wished to avoid her. He saw her when she returned, but Mrs. Snower was with her, and he returned to his little shop and passed the day in a miserable state of mind.

Day after day went by, and the Fourth was at hand. The load of merry men and women stopped at Dame Gafton's for Gideon. They had a lumber wagon,

with seats placed around the box, and a canopy of white duck to protect them from the sun. Gideon took his seat in the wagon, and the horses started off at a lively pace. Gideon looked around and there beside him sat Philena Pray. His heart leaped to his throat and prevented him from taking part in the conversation.

When they reached the picnic ground, Sereno Hemper said:

"Here, Gideon, make yourself useful and assist the ladies." One by one he assisted them from the high wagon. As he was about to help Philena, Mrs. Stout stepped on her dress, and she was thrown forward right into Gideon's arms. For one brief blissful second he clasped her form and her warm breath swept his cheek. Philena was annoyed, but she made some laughing remark, while Gideon blushed and stammered an awkward apology.

After the people had all arrived there was a grand lot of speech-making, and the music of a fife and drum made the woods merry between the speeches. Judge Wise read the Declaration of Independence, and commented thereon. His remarks were furiously applauded, and then all joined in singing "America."

After this they wandered about the grove, or along the shore, or gathered in groups beneath the wide-spreading trees. Philena, always helpful, was amusing some of the little ones, while Gideon sat in the shade of a large oak, apparently listening to Judge Wise and lawyer Pinch, but in reality watching Philena. After a little while some one asked Gideon to help put up the swing. When he returned Philena was nowhere in sight. He busied himself with the preparations for dinner, and after the rough tables were made, he went down to feed the horses. He took the measure of oats from the wagon and placed it on the seat. He was talking to himself and he did not notice that Philena sat just back of a large oak that grew by the shore. She had brought little Mary Price down to the shore, and she had fallen asleep as she lay on a shawl that Philena had spread on the ground. Philena sat by her side and dreamed of

what her life might have been had Gideon loved her as she loved him. Just as she thought this she heard someone speak. It was Gideon, and she supposed he was talking to someone. She sat still as he continued—

"That was a good speech that Judge Wise made. It's a noble thing to assert your rights, and throw off the yoke of bondage. A noble thing. And Elder White talked good, too, real good. It seemed as though he meant *me* all the time, when he said that some remained in bondage all their lives, and served some habit that ruled over them like a despot. He said: 'stand fast for liberty and freedom in all things.' I'll do it. I'll make a 'Declaration of Independence' this very day. I'll ask Philena Pray to marry me this very day."

Just then there was a slight rustle at the foot of the oak and Philena looked around. She saw that Gideon was alone, and was speaking his thoughts aloud. She hesitated a moment considering what she would better do. That moment helped her to make her decision, for she heard Gideon say:

"I'll just ask her to take a walk with me, and just as soon as we are out of hearing, I'll say, 'I love you Philena, will you be my wife?' And then if she refuses me she can't despise me for being afraid to ask her. I'd give money if I could only have Elder White's tongue for fifteen minutes. I'd say more than I've been able to say in a lifetime. I'd give a good deal to know what she'll say when I tell her how long I've loved her."

Philena heard all this, for he was very much in earnest, and spoke quite loud. She saw it all at once, and realized that she had been beloved all these years. She knew that if she waited for Gideon to tell her that he loved her, she would never hear it, and so she stepped out from behind the tree and said:

"You needn't get Elder White's tongue. It couldn't sound any better than it did when you said it."

Gideon stood spell-bound while she said this, and then began a stammering apology for disturbing her.

She did not give him a chance to continue, for she said:

"You said just now that 'you would give a good deal to know what I'd say.' Well, I say I am glad you love me, and I am willing to marry you."

A bright blush mounted her cheek, and when Gideon realized that Philena loved him, he had no use for Elder White's tongue, for he found his own, and for once said just what he wanted to.

A small boy came up just then and said, "Dinner's ready."

When they arrived at the place where the dinner was served, every one remarked Gideon's "gay and jovial manner," and they guessed at the cause, for the small boy had preceded them and announced that "he saw Gid Bright a-kissin' Miss Pray."

That evening as he lingered on the moonlit porch at Parson Pray's, he urged Philena to name a day in the near future when she would be his bride.

When he walked home through the moonlight he really believed that he had kept his resolution and had asked Philena to marry him. He said softly, as he returned the key in the door:

"I am glad that I made that 'Declaration of Independence.'"

As Philena stood on the porch, with Gideon's kiss still warm on her lips, she blushed and said:

"I think I must have made a 'Declaration of Independence' to-day, but I'm not sorry."

ONLY A HUT.

BY MRS. M. R. DIEFENDORF.

Only a hut by a rugged hill-path,
Only a room without mortar or lath,
Only two windows, in each one a patch,
Only a door with a string for a latch;
Only a pipe peeping out, rough and red,
Only a table, three chairs and a bed.

Only a hut with a thatch overhead,
Only a bundle of straw for a bed,
Only a stick on a scanty hearth-stone,
Only a basin of broth and a bone;
Only a floor with the cracks wide and deep,
Only three littlefolk fallen asleep.

Have they a doily, think? Nobody knows.
Over the briar-field nobody goes,
Only a straggler to light up his pipe—
Sometimes the school-boys, when berries are ripe.
Only a hut by a crooked rail fence,
Scarce can you see it, the weeds are so dense.

Sometimes the wind forces open the door,
Sometimes the rain trickles over the floor;
Sometimes the fire burns feebly and low,
Sometimes the stoop is hid under the snow.
Only a hut in a blackberry patch,
A log for a door-step, a string for a latch.

HISTORIC FRUITS.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

HISTORY may be said to have its leaves, its flowers and its fruits in a realistic sense other than that to which we usually apply those terms. Beauty, flavor and legend combine to enhance the attractions of not a few of the fruits of the earth.

The rosy apple, the golden orange, the purple fig, the green and russet date, the jewelled pomegranate, the many-tinted grape and the gray, green olive, form a cluster in which interest and charm unite and send us in mental wanderings through other lands, 'neath alien skies in search of the fragments of story which cling about them.

There is no fruit, perhaps, that has a larger share of the affections of mankind than the apple. A plaything in childhood, a desire of youth, a pleasure in age. The school-boy's trials are alleviated by its stolen joys, and the apple-dumpling and the apple-pie wake enthusiasm in many a manly breast. The "apples of the Hesperides" carry us back to mythological days. "Apples of Sodom," "Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye but turn to ashes on the lips," is the poetic name for the glittering non-fulfillments of life. The "apple of the eye" expresses some dear and cherished object. The "apple of discord" recalls an ancient fable, while the smaller species of tomato, when first cultivated, went by the pretty name of "love-apple."

Belonging to the "rosaceal," the apple is included among the relatives of the lovely rose, and its fair pink and white blossoms, in the spring, are an emblem of youth, beauty and hope. It was cultivated by the Romans, and by them introduced into Britain. Our word "costermonger" comes from a cognomen of the fruit, and was originally applied to a dealer in a certain kind of apple, though now used for a peddler in various wares.

The story of Tell and the apple, relegated in a degree to the realms of fable, still holds its place in many hearts. Painter's brush and histrionic art have both delighted to render the picture of the hardy mountaineer, pale but resolute, kneeling before the tyrant Gessler, with drawn bow, his eyes fixed upon the apple resting on his child's head. One moment's nervousness and death might follow the flight of his missile. "For whom was your other arrow intended?" asked the persecutor. "For you had I failed," was the laconic reply.

In Isaac Newton, escaped from the plague of London, rests a solitary figure beneath the trees of Woolsthorp, where suddenly the fall of an apple breaks in upon his meditations and reveals to his luminous thought the great law of gravitation. Like a crowd of invisible sprites stories and memories flit about the rosy fruit as we raise it to our lips and add the charm of its intrinsic merit to the associations we have evoked.

The orange is believed to have borne, in ancient times, the name of apple; it being more especially a tropical fruit brought from India. Hence we read in Scripture of "apples of gold in pictures (probably salvus) of silver." It is called *citrus amentum* (golden) and is said to have been unknown to ancient Mediterranean agriculture. The "melian apple" was the Roman and Greek form of some variety of the citron.

The Hesperides, or western maidens, were placed in a garden to watch the precious fruit, a branch of which the Goddess of Earth had presented to Juno on her nuptials with Jupiter. The maidens were unfaithful to their charge, and Hercules, by his arts, obtained the golden apples, to secure which had been one of the tasks laid upon him by Eurystheus. Three apples from this garden were presented to Hippomenes by Venus, when

he ran a race to win the hand of his cousin, Atalanta. All previous suitors had perished by the arrows of the keen huntress and swift-footed maiden. But as she sped along Hippomenes strewed the golden apples in her path, and, stooping to pick up so strange and beautiful an object she lost her race, and was compelled by the terms of her engagement to accept a husband.

To the marriage of Pelius and Thetis the Goddess of Discord was unbidden. Enraged at this slight she yet came and threw into the midst of the assembly a golden apple marked "To the fairest," or "Let the beauty take me." Juno, Minerva and Venus contested, and Paris was appointed umpire. Juno offered him a kingdom; Minerva, intellectual superiority, and Venus, the fairest woman. To Venus he adjudged the prize and won for himself and the Trojan race the undying enmity of her rivals.

Oranges are of various species, such as the Manderin, the Tanquin, and the Maltese or blood orange. The whole may be traced, however, to two varieties, the sweet or China and the bitter or Bigarde. The American markets were at first chiefly supplied from Jamaica and Rio Janeiro, but large crops are now raised both in Florida and California, the bitter orange being indigenous to Florida.

The Irish Protestants are distinguished by the name of Orangemen, from William the Third, Prince of Orange. Sprigs of the orange tree (*lilium bulbiferum*) are worn in Ulster on July 1st and 12th, the anniversaries of the Boyne and Aughrim; while another day of celebration commemorates the landing of William Third, at Torbay, November 5th.

Orange blossoms are considered a special decoration for the bridal, as flowers may be found mingled with the fruit throughout the year, and thus give a poetic emblem of love.

The fig tree has its home in southern climates. Its earliest appearance in the world's history describes its leaves as the garments of our first parents, from which, perhaps, is derived the expression "full-figged," to denote full dress. The tree belongs to the genus *ficus* and consti-

tutes an extensive group. It varies in form and in the color of the fruit, which, however, when fully ripe, is of a purple hue. It is much esteemed in the countries to which it is native and in a dried form is largely exported, though when fresh its somewhat sickly, sweetish taste, is not agreeable to all foreigners. The sacred Bo-tree of India, under which the good Buddha received his revelations, is of this family. Few parables in Scripture are more striking than that of the barren fig tree, and it is continually referred to in Bible narrative. Some varieties, Banyan-like, send roots from their branches to the ground, the rubber tree is of this kindred. Certain species have a resemblance to the ivy.

The tree bears abundantly in Italy; the words "a fiché," accompanied with a snapping of the fingers indicates contempt, as a thing of little moment. The fruit grows curiously, almost inclosing the blossom.

Among the fruits which seem to be given to man as a comprehensive food is the date. This palm grows in the north of Africa, and southeast of Asia, and was known from a remote period of antiquity. It is the chief food of the Arabians and is used largely by both Jews and Christians. A branch of dates sometimes weighs as much as twenty-five pounds, and the fruit is both nourishing and agreeable to the palate. The palm cabbage is used as food, the sap as wine and the seeds as coffee. In what may be called the folk-love of both Asia and Africa, various legends exist as to the origin of the date palm, and its being a peculiar gift of the gods to the human race.

The pomegranate is among the most beautiful of fruit. The tree, small of stature, has pointed glossy leaves and a brilliant scarlet flower, and is very ornamental. The fruit, when ripe, resembles a casket of jewels. The rind shades from a pale cream color to a deep brown with dashes of scarlet upon it, and when opened appears like a little box filled with rubies. The flower and fruit were embroidered on the garments of the Jewish high priests. The pomegranate has its source in Persia and the neighboring countries.

Proserpine carried off by Pluto from the Nysian plain while picking flowers with her companions, was sought for through the world by her mother Ceres. Engrossed in the search Ceres neglected the care of vegetation, but at length discovered and claimed her daughter. Pluto consented that Proserpine should return with her mother on condition that she had eaten nothing while in the lower world, but Proserpine had expressed a wish for some fruit, while on account of Ceres' unfulfilled duties one dried up pomegranate was all that could be found. Of this she had swallowed six seeds, as a compromise she was obliged to remain six months in the lower world, hence winter non-existent before.

One of Browning's earlier books was called "Bells and Pomegranates." Miss Barrett read this, and pleased therewith, referred to it in a couplet of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship:"

"And from Browning some pomegranate,
Which, when cleft right down the middle
Shows a heart within deep-tinctured
With a veined humanity."

Mr. Browning, gratified by this, sought an introduction, and added to the world's history one of the choicest of love stories.

The grape is named from grappo, grappling or clutching, its tendrils laying hold on any proximate object. Both vine and clusters are exceedingly graceful, and the color of the fruit varies from a greenish white through rosy tints to a deep purple. The vine is the emblem of conviviality, and the usual decoration of the god Bacchus. The earliest secular accounts of the cultivation of the vine are found in Virgil and Columella. It was brought to Marseilles by the Phocians, B. C. 600. Anno Domini 81 the Roman Emperor Domitian issued an order against its so extensive cultivation, fearful that the still more-needed corn might be neglected, and also that the vineyards would tempt invasion from the surrounding barbarians. Vine culture was encouraged on the Rhine by Probus A. D. 281, and also by Charlemagne.

One of the many stories relating to the god Bacchus is, that once when carried off by pirates to be sold as a slave,

the sail of the ship was suddenly covered with a grape vine, while ivy, laden with berries, ran up the mast and sides. The god assumed the form of a lion and seized the captain, while the sailors sprang overboard and became dolphins.

The olive, oliaceal, has thirty-five species. It is a low tree, and even when cultivated rarely exceeds thirty feet in height. The lanceolate leaves are of a greenish, gray color. It bears a small, white flower, and the fruit is violet, green or almost white. The subdued tint of the foliage is very pleasant to the eye, and an olive tree overhanging an old stone wall, upon which clusters a wild rose in full bloom, forms a very attractive picture. It grows wild in the Mediterranean and other places, extending west to Portugal, whence it was taken to Spain, and east to the Caspian. It has an affinity for chalky soils and sea breezes. The wood is hard, and is used for making fancy articles of various kinds; when prepared it is yellow or light, greenish brown. The fragrant flowers are used by the Chinese for flavoring tea.

In the south of Europe the olive harvest is in winter, and it is quite a staple of food to the poorer inhabitants. It also grows in South America. The oil is produced from the pericarp and not from the seed. It was known early in history in Armenia and Persia. The Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, was the scene of many events in Bible narrative.

The olive is an emblem of peace, and the dove with the olive branch in her mouth one of the earliest types. The vanquished, suing for peace, brought olive boughs in their hands. It was also an emblem of chastity.

The olive was considered the special fruit of Athens, a gift from the gods. Neptune produced the horse but Pullos Athene, or, from the latin Minerva, created the olive tree, and she became the city's tutelary genius. To be crowned with a wreath of wild olive was the highest honor in the Isthmian games. Overcome by the Persians at Salamis, the Athenians returned to find the sacred olive tree on the Acropolis cut down, but were reassured of the favor of the goddess by its putting forth a shoot.

MELISSA.

BY MARY F. BRIGGS.

IT was a Saturday afternoon between twenty-five and thirty years ago, and the clock in the meeting-house steeple was just striking three.

Melissa Mowry stood upon the steps of the public library—her post of duty—unlocking the door, or struggling to do so, rather. It was a very contrary door. Her gown and shawl were fluttering in the March wind, her scarlet hood had blown back, and her silky dark hair was escaping in little curls about her rosy face. She was a little maiden with a pair of eyes which were sometimes blue and pensive; sometimes gray and mischievous; just now they were black with vexation. Throwing her book down upon the step, she thrust her mittens between the covers, and then with both hands tugged at the key. Behind her were seven small urchins clasping tightly as many large books, and holding on caps and cloaks; some defiantly facing, and some stoutly backing the wind, which sent their garments and tresses flying and nipped their little faces with its cold blasts. The group made a pretty picture—a dash of color and life in the otherwise deserted village street—relieved against the back ground of green library door, and framed by a tall swaying fir-tree on either side.

Happily, an admiring eye was not far off. It appeared from around the corner; came down the street at a brisk pace (it was attached to a young man), and through the library yard.

Melissa heard a quick, firm step, and turned; the little frown upon her face vanished, and a radiant blush and smile succeeded as she looked up into a handsome glowing face, while its owner doffing his hat exclaimed:

"Having a tussle with that nuisance of a door? How inconsiderate of it to plague you this cold day! Allow me."

Of course it yielded to his touch like

butter, opening with a bland little squeak. Melissa and the children trooped in; he followed and closed the door.

Miscoe public library was of most unpretending architecture and furniture: a square room with windows and bookshelves along the sides, and an air-tight stove and reading table in the centre. A benevolent old gentleman in a stock smiled down from the wall—the worthy citizen who had given his town a library in the day when libraries were not as common in country towns as they are now.

Melissa went straight to the stove as she entered, but her knight of the door continued to make himself useful. Taking the matches from her hand, he lighted the fire (already laid), then pulling up a trap-door in the floor, he descended some steps into a small "black hole of Calcutta," from which he reappeared laden with fire-wood. After stuffing all he could into the capacious mouth of the stove, he neatly piled the rest at one side of it, and brushed up the litter with a whisk broom.

Meanwhile the fire was roaring with all its might, and Melissa and the children gathered around it, watching his proceedings.

"Mr. Eliot," she began, "you have quite spoiled me this winter—making my fires and everything. I sha'n't know how to get along when you are gone."

The young man rose to his feet and said eagerly: "Will you miss me a little? Then I am the luckiest fellow alive."

He could have said more—volumes more—but fourteen round eyes regarding him intently, fourteen sharp ears drinking in what the schoolmaster was saying to Miss Milly, proved rather disconcerting, and he ended with an eloquent look and an emphatic flourish of the whisk broom.

Melissa dropped her eyes, laughed, and turned away to hang up her maps.

"Are you going Monday, Mr. Eliot?"

"No, I think not till Tuesday. I have some school work to finish up, and a few farewell calls to make. To-night, I suppose you know, Mrs. Gregory gives a tea party to the class and myself."

"No, I didn't know,"—with a small pang of disappointment in her heart. Mr. Eliot was in the habit of accompanying her home and calling after the evening session of the library.

"I am sorry that I can't be here to light up for you this last Saturday evening," he went on, "and perfectly miserable that there are no more Saturdays for me," he added, in a lower and tenderer tone.

Melissa was at her desk, taking out her number slips and writing materials; Mr. Eliot leaning over the front of it; the ubiquitous children listening, open-mouthed.

She said quickly, with rather chilling cheerfulness:

"Well, if there are no more Saturdays there are no more Monday mornings, either. You know even your Saturday spirits have been at times depressed by the thought of Monday. Now, children, I am ready for your books."

Mr. Eliot felt that he was dismissed for the present, and retired to the reading table and to the entertainment of an Indian fight in a last year's *Harper's Weekly*.

In the forthcoming Miscoe town report, was the following: "The town was fortunate in securing for the high school the services of Mr. Benjamin Eliot, a graduate of Yale University, who came highly recommended, and has well sustained his reputation by evincing a genuine interest in his work, and laboring hard for the welfare of his pupils."

Despite this eulogy from the pen of the potent committee man, Mr. Eliot was not intending to return to Miscoe another term, but was to take up the study of a profession in his native city. Although he had not found teaching unalloyed joy, as few do who are truthful, he had seen his labors close with much regret and was leaving town with more.

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Miscoe was a quaint old-time place, abounding with hospitality and kindness, and he had made many friends. But it was the magic of romance after all which made the place so charming. He had fallen desperately in love with the village librarian, Melissa Mowry, a girl so bewitching and so full of tact that everybody loved her, and she managed everybody without their knowing it from the minister (she was his granddaughter) down.

For the past month the young man had been struggling for courage and the opportunity to tell his love, but when he had one he did not have the other. This Saturday he was very determined. He looked up from his gory illustrations to the children gathered around the desk, with an ungentle scowl. "If they will only clear out before anybody else comes in," he thought. But it was not the easiest thing in the world to serve the public in the library of Miscoe, and it required time. "Why, Hettie!" as a child gave in a book, "there are no numbers in this book, have you lost them?"

"No, marm. Aunt Car'line didn't have time to make 'em out. She said you knew the kind of book she liked."

"So I do; but I can't remember all she has read. I wonder if she has had 'Ernest Linwood?'"

"I guess she has. I b'lieve she liked that first-rate."

"Well, 'Mabel Vaughn' is in. No, she sent that in last week. But here is 'The Lamplighter,' this is very nice."

"That's the book my mother wants," spoke up a small boy, "and I come in first."

"If your mother particularly wished this book, of course she shall have it," said Melissa. "I think very likely your aunt has read it," she continued, as "Aunt Car'line's" niece put on an injured air. "It has been in the library for some time. I think I will send her 'Ida May,' I don't seem to remember her having that."

No objection was made to "Ida May," and it was carried off.

"Well, Nannie," to a sly little girl, "where are your numbers?"

"Haven't got any. Mamma doesn't

get good books with numbers; she wants you to pick her out one. She wants a love story that comes out good." Melissa looked at the book the child handed her and slightly smiled. It was "Hypatia," and the woman who had sent it in the shallowest of her sex. After some consideration a selection was made.

The other children were after books for themselves. Melissa gave them the kindest attention, skillfully turning them from books which would not be wholesome reading for them, and selecting those which would.

Scarcely was the last one supplied, when the door opened and the eighth child entered, in tears and with her garments spattered with mud.

"Why, what is the matter dear?" said Melissa, coming forward and wiping the little tear-stained face.

"I f-fell d-down and h-hurt my knee," sobbed the child.

"Well, don't cry," drawing a chair up to the fire. "Sit down and get it warm and it will be well before you know it. What book do you want to-day?" seeing as she rapidly turned the leaves of the one brought in that this child also had no numbers. The tears fell faster. "I d-don't know, I forgot if when I f-fell down. I wanted a book grandma told me about, one she read a good while ago. She said it was a prime story."

"But perhaps it isn't in the library," said Melissa.

"Oh, yes 'tis. Grandma saw it once in the catalogue. I couldn't find the catalogue to get the number, but I said the name over and over all the way along, and when I got most here, I f-fell down and forgot it. Grandpa told me not to fill my head up with yarns, but to get an encyclopedia—they was instructive—I hain't forgot that, but I don't want an encyclopedia."

"Can't you think of a little bit of the name, or anything that it sounds like?"

"No-o, Miss Milly, though seems so it sounded some like saw-horse or saw-mill. Can't you find it in the catalogue?"

"I'll try." She procured a catalogue,

and between them, with some assistance from Mr. Eliot, the book was found. It was "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

Others now came rapidly in of the populace of Miscoe, old men and young, matrons and maids. They all stopped to chat with Melissa, the young school-master and each other, and Mr. Eliot began to fear that he would get no chance to see Melissa alone that day. His fear grew into conviction when Miss Lavinia Mills came in.

(Miss Lavinia had taken a warm interest in the high-school teachers for many years.) As she seated herself, catalogue in hand, beside Mr. Eliot, and said in her softest voice, with her most arch expression, "Now, Mr. Eliot, you must assist me to choose a real thrilling romance." Mr. Eliot suddenly remembered his engagement, and the fact that Miscoe people kept early hours.

"I am very sorry, Miss Mills, but it is nearly five o'clock and I am expected at Mrs. Gregory's to tea. Miss Mowry can assist you better than I. She has been quite successful in that line this afternoon." He went up to the desk; Melissa was at the back of the room showing some new books to an old gentleman. He took her pencil and scribbled a few lines on a slip of paper. Her little red mittens were lying upon the desk. He folded the note and tucked it in one of them. "She can't help finding it," he thought. And then with a "Good afternoon, all," departed. Alas! Melissa lived only a stone's throw from the library, and did not stop to put on mittens when she went home to tea.

During the evening she was absent-minded, she made several blunders in her work; she closed the library for a week and forgot her mittens.

Sunday dawned a beautiful early spring day. Miscoe arose betimes; did up its morning's work; donned its best clothes; and at the first sound of the church bell, issued forth from mansion, farm house and cottage—all its steps turned in the right direction.

The parsonage was just a little way down the street from the church, a large, square house, white, with green blinds, and green fir trees in front of it. The

Rev. Theophilus Mowry sat in his study, his open Bible upon the table before him, one hand supporting his head crowned with silvery hair.

He was a very old man, and had been pastor of the church at Miscoe for nearly fifty years. Plans for a celebration of his fiftieth anniversary were already in the air (when there would be guests from all the neighboring churches and unlimited good things to eat).

Mr. Mowry had been a fine preacher in his day, and still was a fine old gentleman. He realized his failing powers, and felt that his church needed the invigorating influence of a younger man; but his people would not hear to his resignation, or—not until after the anniversary anyway.

At the first peal of the bell he rose; carefully turned down a leaf where he had been reading; laid the book upon the table, and crossed the hall into the family sitting-room. Melissa was wheeling her mother in her invalid chair to the window. She could not go to church, but enjoyed watching the people go and return.

Melissa's father fell asleep upon a Southern battle-field.

"Meeting time," said the minister; "are you ready, my dear?"

"Not quite," said Melissa; "don't wait for me. I had more to do this morning. Hannah went over to carry Mrs. Gage some breakfast, and has not returned. I suppose she found plenty to do there."

"No doubt, no doubt. Mrs. Gage is being heavily tried. I think I will start on—I wish to speak to Deacon Smith."

Melissa brought his hat and coat and muffler; helped him on with them, and then got his cane.

"Bring my Bible, please. It's on the study table."

She was some time getting it.

"Can't you find it?" asked her grandfather.

Mrs. Mowry, who had been looking out of the window, turned her head and glanced through the open doors into the study. "Don't keep him waiting," she said.

"Be careful of your steps, father; it looks rather slippery out."

"Yes, yes, daughter, I am always careful. May you have a peaceful hour," he added tenderly, and passed out.

Melissa gave him the Bible in the hall.

"Try not to be late," he said to her.

"Yes, grandpa."

She ran lightly up stairs to her room, slipped on her Sunday gown, and was down in a twinkling, wraps in hand to put on before the sitting-room mirror.

"Milly, dear," said her mother, "what were you doing with your grandfather's Bible?"

Melissa flushed a little. "I suppose," she said slowly, "I was doing mischief. You know, mamma, he never writes a sermon now. He sits down after breakfast and finds a chapter to talk to us about. What he says is always good, of course; but he is getting to be so forgetful. He really needs looking after in every small particular. And he has preached two Sundays running now on the same chapter—the one about 'the rich man and Lazarus'—and when I went to get the Bible this morning it was open and the leaf turned down at that very same chapter, 'the rich man and Lazarus.' And so, little mother, I just turned up that leaf and turned down another."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" said gentle Mrs. Mowry, in great distress; "how could you do such a thing and not tell him? What will he say?"

"I don't believe he'll ever know the difference," said Melissa.

"But suppose he shouldn't know what to say about your chapter when he gets up in the pulpit. He is not prepared on it."

"O mother, grandpa is never at a loss for words; he can talk upon anything. I selected the chapter with the 'Prodigal Son' in it. He could preach about that if he had never seen it before. I could myself. I feel sure that he will talk beautifully about it."

Melissa finished tying her bonnet-strings. Mrs. Mowry watched her nervously.

"Perhaps it would be all right," she said; "but I could never go to church after doing that. I could never sit still and hear him preach, thinking all the

time, 'suppose he shouldn't know what to say next.'"

"Well," said Melissa, "I could never sit still and hear him preach the third time on 'the rich man and Lazarus;' twice is quite enough. Why, mother! What would people think?"

Mrs. Mowry smiled roguishly. "I think Mr. Eliot would be amused, and what anybody else thinks is of no consequence at all."

Melissa laughed. "Mother, you are a little witch. Well, good-bye." And with a kiss she hurried out.

The congregation had just risen to sing the doxology as she entered the church. She walked down the aisle in her usual quiet manner with down-cast eyes. In spite of her brave words to her mother, she felt a little nervous.

Melissa usually was as sweet and calm as a painted saint on Sunday morning. She always reminded Mr. Eliot of a dove in her violet gown and gray mantle and bonnet, the latter with violet facing and trimming.

The church was built back in the last century, and though simplicity itself, was quaintly beautiful. The pulpit midway between floor and ceiling, was a small round balcony supported by four pillars. It was ascended by means of a narrow staircase back of the audience-room. The door below the pulpit which opened to the stairs was not conspicuous, and more than one child in Miscoe regarded the sudden appearance of the benign face and silvery head of the minister as a recurring Sunday miracle.

Mr. Eliot had been so irreverent as to think within himself, "What a capital stage setting for the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet;'" and had in imagination rehearsed Romeo's impassioned speeches to a very sweet Juliet in a violet gown bending over the balcony.

It was very wicked of him thus to beguile the hour of service; but old Mr. Mowry's sermons were not generally a great strain upon the mind of the listener, and mental distraction of some sort was absolutely necessary to relieve physical discomfort, for the pews had been made to fit the theory that pain is an aid to memory.

After the prayer and hymn the old minister rose for his discourse. Melissa's heart beat quickly. He read the chapter in his slow impressive way, and then closing the Bible, without any hesitation began: "Once upon a time there was a young man—"

Even the little children whose toes did not touch the floor, and who could not see beyond the blank wall of pew in front of them, pricked up their ears and ceased wriggling in their seats at this beginning, for it meant a story.

And as he went on drawing vivid, touching pictures of the home life (a little regardless of local color, to be sure, giving it a decidedly New England, if not a Miscoe, setting), the straying away in pursuit of those pleasures "fair in flower and bitter in fruit;" the degradation and despair, repentance and return—the heads of the old people forgot to nod, and the young lost even the consciousness of their best clothes and listened to every word. And then with quite his old-time eloquence, he made the larger application of the story, and painted God's love and mercy to his erring children.

"He seemed almost inspired," Melissa told her mother afterward. Her mind was at ease before he had spoken ten words, and her eyes were dewy, her heart thrilling with emotion—in which a little worldly pride at the unusual interest mingled—as he ended.

She lingered chatting with the good people who stopped to speak with her grandfather. Not a few expressed appreciation of the sermon. Deacon Smith said in his hearty way:

"You outdone yourself to-day, Parson. We sha'n't be willing to snap you off for a young man with new-fangled philosophy so long as you give us such first-rate good sermons."

The old minister seemed quite touched by their words, and said a little tremulously:

"The lesson of the sweet old parable could not fail to please you and do you good. I think the good Lord moved me to give it to you to-day."

Melissa's eyes were dancing, but there were tears in them also, and she could

not see. Moreover her head was full of the anticipated fun of telling her mother all about it, and she was trying to answer Mrs. Deacon Smith's inquiries concerning the last sewing meeting (the good lady not being present). So it was no wonder that she passed out without seeing Mr. Eliot, who stood hat in hand at the church door, apparently waiting for some one. By the sudden darkening and flushing of his face as she passed without speaking, it was evidently Melissa.

In the afternoon he called. A very brief, formal call. Melissa excused herself to give Hannah some directions about the dinner (nearly ready) thinking he would stay. When she returned she found that he had bade her mother and grandfather an abrupt farewell, declined their cordial invitation to dine, and gone. They, as well as she, were surprised at his unwonted stiffness of manner and sudden departure. He was not out at the evening service.

Monday Melissa expected him all day, and her mother at her window looked out for him, although nothing was said between them. But the day passed. Melissa had sat down early with her sewing; as it grew late she became silent.

Mrs. Mowry finally asked when Mr. Eliot was going away, and if he was coming in that evening.

Melissa returned briefly, "to-morrow" and "I don't know."

The mother felt very sure that he would come in. She had a little secret. Mr. Eliot had found her alone a few days before and had told her that he loved her daughter, and she had given her permission. She knew something of his family; knew that he was of exceptional character, talented and energetic, and she was very fond of him. She felt that he would make Melissa happy, and the child would not be alone in the world when the day came (and it could be no distant one) which would find her without mother or grandfather. She had not reported this conversation to Melissa. Being a little romantic she felt that a declaration of love should come as a surprise. She also wished to enjoy Melissa's announcement as a surprise to herself. Mr. Eliot had implored her to tell him if

she really thought Melissa cared for him at all; he seemed very doubtful himself. Mrs. Mowry laughed and said:

"The best way for you to find that out is to ask her."

"I know it," he had replied, "but I never can get a chance. She is always so busy and surrounded by people, and she acts sometimes as if she knew what I wanted to say and was trying to keep me from saying it."

Mrs. Mowry replied, "That may be, even if she loves you."

In her own mind she laid a nice little plan by which the young people should be left alone in the parlor the next time he called. But he had not called until Sunday; and how strangely he then appeared. Had Melissa refused him? Had they quarreled?

She did not like to ask for an explanation. Melissa always told her everything, and the gentle little mother preferred to wait for her willing confidence rather than to seek it. It usually came at the retiring hour, when the two opened their hearts to each other in talks which in after years were among Melissa's sweetest memories.

As they were leaving the tea-table a little later, the minister remarked: "I have not seen that volume of 'Josephus' that I wanted Saturday. Did you bring it over from the library, my dear?"

Melissa stood with her hand upon her mother's chair. She turned her face, full of contrition, to her grandfather.

"O, grandpa! I forgot it. I will go straight over now and get it."

"No, no, child; it is dark and slippery. I am not suffering for the book; to-morrow will do as well."

But Melissa was putting on her things. "I can find it in the dark, grandpa. I remember taking it from the shelf and laying it, with my mittens, on the desk. Nothing vexes me more than to forget things, and my rule is to lose no time after—why, where are my mittens? I must have left them also. Well, I mustn't talk about other people's forgetfulness."

She ran off, her grandfather smiling at her—her mother looking grave. "The child would never have been so careless

if her mind was not preoccupied," she thought.

The library door was in a good mood, for a wonder, and opened readily. Melissa entered. Yes, there was the book, with the mittens; the light was sufficient to distinguish them. She seized them, drew on the mittens, and then, dropping the book, exclaimed:

"Why, what is this? A note?"

Going to the window she strained her eyes to read, in the fading light, the following:

DEAR MISS MILLY:—

I can never get a minute with you alone, so many claim your time, and I fear sometimes you baffle me purposely. But I must tell you something before I go. Will you give me the opportunity by walking with me down Birch Lane, after church to-morrow? In great suspense,

B. ELIOT.

Melissa felt all at once very light-hearted and happy. She laughed merrily, then she grew indignant.

"Why in the world didn't he ask me after meeting to go to walk?"

In a moment she looked grave. "I must have passed him without even looking at him. I don't do so usually. Of course he thought it was on purpose. And when he came to the house I very soon left the room. Deary me!"

She pressed her face against the cold window pane, and looked out over the village. Lights were beginning to twinkle here and there among the houses; the room behind her was all in gloom; only a low sighing wind disturbed the silence.

What could be done to straighten out things? She could not have Mr. Eliot go away for ever in the morning without seeing him—not after that letter! And yet she couldn't call on him at his boarding place and tell him—perhaps before his dreadful gossiping landlady—that she had just found it. The thought made her cheeks burn. If she could only *happen* to meet him somewhere; but where could she?

Suddenly Miscoe stage-coach went rumbling by—the six o'clock coach, rather late to-night.

"Why of course he will go down to the store for his mail."

She hastily left the library and sped down to the store.

"The corner store" was an institution peculiar to Miscoe.

Being the one store of the town, it had of course departments for all merchandise.

In the large main room, one side was devoted to dry goods, one side to groceries, a third to crockery and hardware. One corner of the grocery side was boxed up into a tiny post office.

In this room every evening directly after their supper, the men of Miscoe congregated to smoke and spin yarns, discuss politics and farming, and the doings of the town. Another room contained vegetables and meat. Between the two was a narrow passage leading into the little post office and opening into the back part of the main room behind the counter. Back of the store and the houses near it was a narrow alley.

A little while after the arrival of the men, when the tea things were all washed up and put away, down this alley tripped the ladies of Miscoe, flocking into the post office to meet and chat with one another and get the mail.

Sometimes in the winter, when the alley was impassable from snow they went around the front of the store, but in the summer when the men were loafing outside upon the benches they never thought of doing so, and never of entering the store the front way.

They got their supplies in the daytime, but if it happened—and it frequently happened—that they were in pressing need of some article in the evening, they gently half-opened the back door of the store (from the passage) and made their wants known in a timid whisper. The proprietor or clerks flew to do up the package, while the fair purchaser stood waiting, a half-concealed vision of bright eyes, rosy cheeks and poke bonnet.

This apparition often seemed as a hint to some particular young man, who would leave his companions and join the lady outside for a chat or a stroll. The rest were not at all disturbed, the loud

talking and smoking went on just the same, but it might be observed that the men, as a general thing, faced the back door.

Melissa went down the alley and entered the post office. The mail was not distributed, the old postmaster was busily assorting it.

She peeped through the glass window with its pigeon-hole boxes into the store. Several groups of men were in there. Mr. Eliot stood near the counter listening with careless attention to the remarks of two old farmers.

Melissa knew that he never stayed long in the store of evenings. He would probably when the mail was ready, take his letters and go. She would wait and meet him outside, for if he was offended with her it would be of no use to let him see she was there by asking for something at the back door. But, again, this was his last evening, he might stay a long time in the store.

She decided on a bold stroke. There were not so many men as there would be later, and what was of more consequence, no women. Now was the time!

She left the post office, walked around to the front door, opened it and stepped boldly in, and up to the counter beside Mr. Eliot.

Old Mr. Jenks was saying in a loud tone: "That air heifer of mine is goin' to be a consarned kicker. I can't see no way for me but to beef her."

He paused, stared at Melissa curiously and blew several whiffs from his clay pipe. The conversation subsided all around for a moment, then went on as before.

"Good evening, Mr. Jenks," said Melissa, calmly. "Good evening, Mr. Eliot." "Henry," to the clerk, "I want a pound of raisins and a box of mustard, and, oh, yes, a dozen of those sweet oranges, mamma enjoyed the others so much."

Henry nodded at each order and began rapidly to do up the parcels.

"Mr. Eliot," she said, turning to him, and speaking with quiet deliberation, although her heart was beating nervously, and she was thinking, "What in the world can I say?"

"I suppose you are making your farewells to Miscoe. On what coach do you go to-morrow?"

"I am thinking of taking the early five o'clock coach," he returned, meeting her eyes with a searching intense gaze.

"If you go that time o'day take your great coat along," said Mr. Jenks. "That coach is purty cold comfort, you'll find."

"Yes," said Melissa, seeing a blessed opportunity, "and don't forget your mittens;" looking down and nervously pulling her own off and putting them on again. "I left mine at the library Saturday, and had such a hunt for them to-night before I remembered where they were."

Mr. Eliot started.

"Here are your things, Miss Milly," said Henry.

"Let me take them," said Mr. Eliot. "Please allow me to take them home for you." Melissa assented, and they passed out.

The men in the store winked at each other, and said: "Guess that'll be a match," and that they "hoped the school-master was good enough for the minister's little granddarter;" but they made no comment upon Melissa's daring invasion of their sphere—the store. Truly the impropriety of such an invasion existed not in their minds, but in that of the feminine portion of the town. And no very unfavorable comment came from them when they heard of it. Melissa was too much loved. Miss Lavinia Mills said, a little spitefully: "Milly Mowry can do anything, of course. If it had been me, now, who went in the front store amongst all the men to get the school-master to go home with me, folks would have had something to say."

And she was quite right.

Out of the store Mr. Eliot at last found his tongue, and made up for lost time by a torrent of love and self-reproaches. Melissa was disposed to be a little cool and distant, and held out against his eloquence up to the parsonage door.

Then as he dropped the parcels upon

the porch, and seizing her hands, began a last despairing appeal; the light from the windows revealed her face to him, and he read his answer in her eyes, and did not wait for the words.

As they entered the sitting-room, Mrs. Mowry saw at once that all was well. The old minister who was dozing

in his big arm-chair, aroused up, greeted Mr. Eliot kindly, and then seeing they were empty handed (the groceries had been deposited upon the kitchen table), said: "You didn't get 'Josephus' after all, Melissy."

"O, dear me! No, grandpa; but I've got Benjamin."

SEARCHING FOR THE YESTERDAYS.

BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

IN a field all white with daisies,
Ran my little one to play,
Parting all the slender grasses
With her footsteps light and gay.

Searched she long, as for a treasure,
'Neath each nodding clover head;
Dug among the roots and pebbles,
Tore each green and mossy bed.

"Have you lost some plaything, darling?"
As I met her troubled gaze.

"Don't you know?" she said, "I'm hunting,
Hunting for the yesterdays.

"There are so many hidden somewhere,
That I thought I'd like to know
Where the days I've lived have gone to,
Where to-day, to-morrow 'll go.

"God has put them all together,
But I'm sure I don't know where;
Don't you think he'll tell me, mamma,
If I say my little prayer?

"Then if I could find that Somewhere,
I would take some jolly day,
And 'twould be just like that other,
All we did and had to say.

"But I'd take it back at evening,
Put it safe among the rest,
And perhaps I'd take another,
'Till I found which one is best.

"Don't you think it would be splendid
When the world is cross and gray,
Just to slip away and borrow
Some bright, happy yesterday?"

Blue eyes thoughtful looked a second,—
"I do b'lieve I heard God say
Yesterdays have gone to heaven,
So He sent me just to-day."

"WHERE THE BLACKBERRIES GREW."

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

NELL, Nell! the blackberries are ripe in the big field,—cries Tommy, running into the kitchen at Cherry Farm, his big brown eyes eager and excited.

"Oh, is they, Tommy?" and the small, blue-eyed maiden springs up from the stool where she has been gravely watching old black Suke making the Sunday pies and cakes. "Wait till me dits my sunbonnet and pail."

"Lawd, jest a-listen to dat chile now," says Aunt Suke, stopping with her big, black arms half buried in the snowy mass she is kneading, "a-talkin' about a pail, when ebbery solitary blackberry she gadders will go smack down into her little stummick. Look here, honey; jest tell ole auntie what's yer agwine to do wid de pail."

"She is going to put her berries in it, of course," answers Master Tom, with a great deal of dignity and a total ignoring of Aunt Suke's foregoing remarks. "Aint you, Nell?"

"Course me is," says that small maiden, as she covers her curls with a diminutive sunbonnet, and with the pail in one chubby hand and the other holding fast to Tom's, trots off beside him, neither of them deigning to give Aunt Suke another glance.

"Forede Lawd, look at dat," murmurs the latter, her huge sides shaking with laughter; "if dem chillen jest don't beat all."

The blackberry field stands between Cherry Farm and Bramble Farm, where Tom lives. Such a beautiful place it is in summer, all filled with tall, bright-colored grasses and wild flowers, the bushes loaded with great big, juicy berries. Nell claps her hands at the sight of the filled bushes, and is soon engaged in demolishing them, while Tom, mindful of Aunt Suke, fills the pail. After eating until she can eat no more, Nell

pushes back her sunbonnet from her small, flower-like face and tumbled curls, and gravely contemplates Tom, who is still busily engaged filling the pail.

"You aint eaten any, Tommy," she says.

"Oh, I'll eat some when I have filled the pail. If we go home without doing that, Aunt Suke will crow over us."

"Yes, and she can make me some of dose tarts," cries Nell, her cherub face glowing with anticipation of the most earthly nature. She recommences her attack on the bushes. Tommy finishes filling the pail, and then putting it aside, turns to the curly-headed gourmand.

"Nellie," he says, very gravely, "do you know what I am going to be when I am a grown-up man? Well, I'll tell you—an artist."

"What's 'at?" inquires Nell, her mouth full of berries.

"Why, an artist is one who paints pictures. I can draw things now, and father says he intends to save up some money and let me learn to be an artist. And then, Nell, when I am quite grown up, I shall marry you."

"Will you, Tommy?" Then, suddenly, her berry-stained lips part in a broad smile. "Den tan me beat you over the head wif a boomstick, like Mrs. Martin in the 'illage do her husband?"

Tommy regards her with a great deal of disapproval.

"Mrs. Martin is not a nice woman at all," he replies, severely.

"Me likes her; she difs me cookies," says Nell, defiantly. Then she breaks into a little cackle of amusement. "Me seed her once beatin' Mr. Martin wif the boomstick, and it was awful funny. Me wanted to stay and watch, but muzzer was along and wouldn't let me."

"You will learn better when you are older," says Tom, loftily; "you are only a very little girl now. But you have

eaten enough blackberries; we must go home."

He picks up the small sunbonnet which has fallen off, replaces it on the tumbled curly head, then, with the pail on his arm, takes her chubby hand and marches her off. He is quite silent and thoughtful, and the little maid steals shy glances at him round the corner of her sunbonnet. At last she asks, in a whisper, "Tommy, is you mad wif Nell?"

"Of course not," replies Tommy, superiorly; "boys as big as I never get mad with little girls like you. I hope I shall never have to get mad with you even after we are married. Now, Nell," rather anxiously, "don't forget you are to be my wife some day."

"No, me not fordit," replies Nell, solemnly.

* * * *

Again the blackberries are ripe in the big field, and from one heavily laden bush to another flits a slim, fair-faced maiden, busily filling the pail hanging on her arm. Every now and then she pauses to listen, but when a firm step comes over the grass, she sets to work with redoubled energy, but the peachy cheeks flush and the blue eyes droop demurely.

"I thought I should find you here, Nell," says a strong, young voice, while two earnest brown eyes are trying to look into her own under the big hat which hides them.

"Yes," she replies, nervously, "I am gathering these for Aunt Sukie's pies. You must help me, Tom. There is a bush over there very full, and you can gather them in your hat."

"But I would much rather gather them off the same bush with you. Then I can put them in your pail. I should certainly get a sunstroke if I stood in this sun without my hat. By the way, Nell," laughing, "what a quantity of blackberries you could eat when you were a child. I remember one day—why, it was the very day you promised to marry me when you grew up. Do you remember that day, Nell?"

"No, I don't remember anything so foolish," is the reply, but the golden head is bent very low over the bush, and

the big hat (how Tom hates that big hat) entirely hides the fair face.

"I say, Nell," he goes on, "when do you intend to keep that promise?"

Then, all at once, the lightness dies, his young face pales, his brown eyes are full of passionate tenderness, infinite longing. He imprisons in his slender hands, all stained with blackberry juice.

"Nell, Nell! if you have forgotten that childish promise, renew it now. I have loved you all my life, my little sweetheart. Look up, Nell, let me see your face."

He pushes back the big hat impatiently. The girlish face, in its fair, flowery beauty, is covered with burning blushes, the long, curled lashes droop over the violet eyes.

"Oh, Nell, Nell!" he whispers, passionately, and then, somehow, she is in his arms, and his lips rest on the uncovered golden head. Then, after a little while, "Oh, Tom, the berries!" cries Nell.

The berries had indeed come to grief, the entire contents of the pail having been emptied upon the ground. Then, laughing, both stoop and begin picking up the scattered berries. There are a great many interruptions to this occupation, caused by the disappearance of Tom's slick, brown head under the big hat, which again shields Nell's face.

It is during one of these interruptions that old Aunt Suke appears at the fence and calls out:

"Missy Nell! Missy Nell!"

"Yes, yes, Aunt Sukie," cries Nell, hurriedly. "I'm coming now with the berries. We—we had a little accident and upset the pail."

"If it war a accident like de one I seed as I comed up, I 'spects dar's been a good many ob dem. And will yer please to leab dem berries, Missy Nell, as yer hab been two mortal hours a-pickin', for Master Tom to pick up, and come inter de house; your mammy wants yer. Dar's been a accident round these parts, too."

"Oh, Suke, what is it?" cries Nell, turning pale.

"A strange genelman war throwed from his horse in front of de gate. Mas-

ser and Jim brung him in, and he's a-lyin' like a dade man now. Yer mammy wants yer to fix de spar room so dey can carry him dar."

"Oh, I must go at once," says Nell.

"And I am coming, too," says Tom.

"Well, I'm a-tinkin' yer'd better stay dar and gadder up dem berries. Missy Nell nebber hab no accidents when she picks berries by herself, no how."

Tom helps Nell over the fence, and then catching Aunt Suke, with a happy laugh, round her ample waist, gives her a tremendous squeeze.

"Humph!" mutters that individual, pursing up her thick lips, and then, with a hand upon each hip, looks first at his radiant face and then at the girl's blushing one, half-hidden by the big hat.

"So you two hab—"

Nell waits to hear no more, but ignominiously takes flight, while Tom lingers long enough to give Aunt Suke another hug, and whisper:

"Oh, Aunt Sukie, I am the happiest fellow in the whole world."

"Well, de Lawd bress de chillen," murmurs Aunt Suke, looking with tender eyes after Tom's straight young form, "if dey aint a-courtin'. Why, it don't seem no time sence Master Tom war no higher den dis fence, and Missy Nell a little curly-headed ting a-toddlin' arter him to gadder blackberries in dis very field. And now dey's a-tinkin' ob marryin' ob each oder. Lawd bress de chillen. Ole Aunt Suke jest wants to lib long enough to daddle anoder Marse Tom and anoder little Missy Nell on her knee."

In the meantime Nell has entered the hall.

Farmer Heywood, his wife and Jim, the hired man, are busy over the prostrate form of a man stretched very still on the settee along the wall.

Nell grows a little pale as she looks down upon him. He is tall, aristocratic in appearance, and evidently a city man. The face, always a pale face, is ghastly now; a heavy black moustache shades the mouth; the raven hair is slightly gray about the temples. The eyes are closed; there is a stillness almost like death in the face and limbs. Mrs. Heywood is wiping away the blood from a

wound on the head which has trickled down over the marble pallor of cheek and brow.

"Oh, mother, who is he?" whispers Nell.

"He is the rich city gentleman who has been staying down at the hotel. Something frightened his horse, which reared and threw him right in front of our gate. I hope he is not seriously hurt. Here, dear, just raise his head while I put this wet cloth over the cut."

The girl slips her slender arm under his heavy head. Then so suddenly as to be startling, the man's eyes, which look of midnight darkness in the marble parlor of his face, unclosed and look up into the fair girlish one bending over him. They seem to hold the girl's gaze with a strange fascination. Her blue eyes dilate, her lips part, her breath comes a little quicker. Then, with a great effort, she abruptly, almost roughly, draws away her arm and pushes him from her. The movement evidently causes him acute pain. A quiver passes over his limbs, the heavy lids close and he is again unconscious.

* * * * *

Henry Seaton, millionaire, cynic, sybarite, lies on the old-fashioned lounge in the parlor of Cherry Farm, and watches, with half-closed eyes, the ideal form moving among the roses without. Only a month or so back this man, a victim of satiety and ennui, had wearily told himself that he would give half his fortune and a few years of his life for a new sensation. And now that wish is his; and he smiles a little amusedly as he thinks in what form it has come to him—an absorbing passion for a young, innocent girl. Perhaps it is the youth and innocence which have enthralled him, he thinks; for others far more beautiful, far more versed in alluring arts, had tried to stir his jaded senses in vain, and yet the merest touch of her little hand had power to thrill him as he thought he never could be thrilled again. He goes back over the last two months, from that moment when he first returned to consciousness and found his head on the girlish bosom, and gazed with strange, new fascination into the sweet grave face.

Then the small hands seemed to thrust him back into agony and darkness. Then the days that followed, when he lay in the cool, old-fashioned chamber above, suffering awful pain from his sprained back, but strangely content if a slim form bent pityingly over him or moved softly about the room; miserable and restless if it were absent.

Then he grew better, and could lie all day on the soft lounge, piled high with pillows, by the parlor window, the perfume of the roses filling his nostrils, while he enjoyed with epicurean daintiness the thrilling of his jaded senses, the leaping of his pulses, which had beat so evenly for far too long and weary a time.

Of course, this thing that he coveted was to be his. He had never denied himself any delight or pleasure that this world could offer, and certainly not this intoxicating draught of the cup he had thought drained to the last drop. He smiles to himself as the handsome face of the girl's young lover rises before him. Obstacles only make the prize more desirable. He had swept aside far weightier ones than a girl's first, light fancy for a stripling. Woman was a study in which he had long since graduated. This girl's heart is a white page with perhaps this handsome boy's name written across it; but so lightly that it is easily erased and made spotless for his (Seaton's) hand to write upon.

Othello won Desdemona by stories of his valor, his bravery, his strength. Seaton, with a consummate knowledge of woman's weaknesses, dazzled and bewildered the girl with visions of the great world; the delights, the pleasures, the joys to which wealth was the golden key. He slowly, adroitly awoke vanity in her, and then pictured to her awakened sense of self-consciousness her flowery young beauty, intensified tenfold by beautiful costly attire, and with the eyes of the world to do it homage.

Ah! "the pity of it, the pity of it!" Mephistopheles never tempted Faust more cleverly through the senses than did this wily, cool, calculating man of the world tempt the girl, who drank in the poison held to her lips until heart, mind and soul were impregnated with it. She

panted for the things the pictures of which had been so carefully and with such a master-hand painted upon her very soul. The old life has grown insupportable to her; her love for her young lover seems dead, and only an intense dread of her weary life as his wife fills her.

So it is on this morning as Seaton lies and watches her among the roses. At length she comes towards him, her hands full of them. The sweet, young face is changed, the violet eyes are full of a vague unrest, the lips droop wearily.

"Will you give me a rose?" he asks, with a smile.

She selects a beautiful red one and hands it to him; then she sits down on the low window-sill at his feet and begins sorting the others. He watches her in silence. After a little while her hands fall wearily among the roses on her lap. She looks up and sighs.

"What is it?" he asks, gently.

"Oh, nothing really," she replies, "only I so tired of everything. Do you know," looking up at him eagerly, while her eyes brighten and her cheeks flush, "I dreamed about Paris all last night, and it was so beautiful and delightful, just as you described it. Oh, it was horrid to have to awaken."

He smiles; he knows the hour of his triumph has come.

"There is no reason why you should only dream of Paris and all delightful things," he murmurs, softly; "if you will let me it shall be my greatest delight to make them all charming realities. Will you let me, Nell? Will you be my wife?"

She starts and turns towards him, her eyes widening and dilating as he had seen them do once before. He raises himself on his elbow and lays his hand on her shoulder.

"You are entitled by reason of your beauty to something far better than you will ever find here," he says, impressively, "give me the right to raise you above all this and to shower upon you those pleasures and joys of which I have told you. The world is ours and the gilded key I possess will unlock all its delights. Be my wife, Nell, and we will make of life one long bliss. Would you not like it, Nell?"

"Yes, oh, yes," she cries, the startled look has faded from her eyes, they are sparkling and her cheeks are flushed; then she goes on, panting a little: "Oh, I do not think I can marry Tom. I — I could not be happy here now."

"But you will come to me, Nell?"

"Yes," she whispers.

He smiles and raises her hand to his lips.

* * * * *

"Good morning, Aunt Suke," says Tom, coming into the kitchen, where is Nell?"

"Whar she usually am," replies Aunt Suke, grimly, "in dar along wid him."

"Do you mean Mr. Seaton, Aunt Suke?"

"Yes, Mr. Satan, and a verry fit name it am for him, too. I'se got no use for him, wid his white face and his black eyes, though he am soft-spoken enough and don't tink notten ob handin' me out a five dollar bill. But he can't buy dis ole nigger wid all his five dollar bills."

"Why, what has Mr. Seaton done to you, Aunt Suke?" asks Tom, laughing.

Aunt Suke looks at him and gives a scornful snort.

"Look here, Marse Tom, is yer blind, can't you see he's done fallen in love wid Missy Nell, and am a doin' all in his power to get her away from yer? If yer ain't seen it afore its time yer did let me tell yer."

Tom is grave enough now.

"Are you sure of this, Aunt Suke?" he asks, with a frown.

"Certain sure. And look here, Marse Tom, if I war yer I'd ax de ole masser to send dat man away. He aint a-doin' no good here no how."

"Oh, I can't do that, but I'll give Nell a hint as to his designs and she'll manage to be less with him. You say she is in there?"

"Yes, Marse Tom, she's in dar."

Tom crosses the hall and opens the parlor door, but pauses abruptly on the threshold, while his face flushes angrily and hotly. Seaton has just raised Nell's hand to his lips. The next moment the color dies out of his face, and he stares dumbly at Nell, for at the sight of him she has started up, her face white to the

lips, her eyes dilated with fear, while involuntarily she shrinks nearer to Seaton. He puts out his hand and takes her's as though to reassure her. Tom comes further into the room.

"Nell," he cries, "what does this mean?"

The girl only shrinks more and makes no reply. Seaton looks up quietly and says:

"It means, my dear Mr. Shirley, that Miss Heywood has just promised to become my wife."

"It's a lie," cries Tom, fiercely, making a step toward him and then pausing abruptly.

Seaton smiles coldly and shrugs his shoulders.

"Nell," goes on Tom, controlling himself with an effort and speaking quietly, "do you hear what this man says? Why do you stand there silent? Nell —" he pauses abruptly. The rage and indignation die in his eyes. He suddenly grows very quiet and very still, gazing at the shrinking form of the girl. He draws a long, deep breath.

"It is true, then," he murmurs.

A short silence follows. There is a brief struggle with the agony which nearly overwhelms him, then he throws back his head and looks at them both, the shrinking, white-faced girl and the cool, smiling man, scornfully, coldly.

"I owe you an apology, sir," he says, quietly to Seaton, "for my hasty words of a few moments ago; but I do not know whether you are aware or not that only a month or so ago this young lady promised to be my wife, and as I was still laboring under the erroneous impression that she was honorable, womanly, and true, I think my indignant incredulity has its excuse."

Seaton inclines his head. He rather admires the young fellow at that moment, and thinks there is more in him than he (Seaton) had believed.

"I have only a few more words to say," continues Tom, and his voice seems to have lost its boyish ring and grown old, and hard, and cold, "and that is to tell you I do not envy you the woman you have so easily won at the expense of her truth and honor. On

the contrary, I am rather inclined to pity you."

"By jove!" thinks Seaton, "he is excellent. I had no idea there was so much in him. He is game all through."

"As for you," continues Tom, looking at the shrinking form of the girl with unutterable scorn, "do not flatter yourself that I shall break my heart over you. I shall grieve for the little sweetheart, loving, faithful and true, who, it seems, was only a creature of my fancy; but the only tears I shall shed will be at her grave."

His voice falters a little at last, but he turns quickly and walks out of the room.

The girl springs up with a cry of bitter agony.

"Tom! Tom!" she cries, wildly, "come back! oh, come back!"

Seaton puts up his hand and lays it on her arm.

"Well, thank heaven, that is over," she says, ignoring her agitation, but holding her arm firmly with his long white fingers. "I do not think he will trouble us again. He took it rather coolly, I thought."

He laughs lightly.

The girl sinks helplessly down on the couch, and bursts into tears.

* * * * *

"Mamma, there is a picture here I wish to show you. I think it one of the best things in the whole exhibition."

The speaker is a slight, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, whose fair face is all aglow with the first freshness, ardor and enthusiasm of youth. Very different is the face of the woman she addresses. A far more beautiful face, but in the violet eyes, and about the perfect lips, a weariness, an indifference as though the flavor and zest had faded out life for her.

"Very well, dear," she replies, "where is this wonderful picture?"

The girl leads the way up the long rooms and pauses before a picture which occupies one of the best positions there. It is a simple subject but exquisitely painted, and evidently by a master hand. A blackberry field filled with wild flowers and tall, beautifully-colored grasses. The bushes are full of big, ripe berries. Among them stand two children, a boy

and a girl. The former is busily engaged in filling a pail and his face is averted, while the latter is a charming little figure in a calico frock and little sunbonnet pushed back from a fair, baby face, framed in short, gold curls.

"Isn't it a charming picture, mamma?" goes on the girl, "isn't the little girl lovely?"

Her mother turns towards her after one look at the picture.

"Look in the catalogue, Ray," she says, hurriedly, "and see who the artist is."

"Oh, I already have, mamma. The picture is called 'Where the Blackberries Grew,' and the artist is Thomas Shirley."

"Are you admiring my friend, Shirley's picture, ladies?" says a voice behind them.

"Oh, yes," replies Ray, turning to the speaker, an elderly man and well-known artist, "I think it a charming picture, and have just brought mamma to see it."

"You know the artist, Mr. Halwell?" inquires the elder woman.

"Shirley? Oh, yes. You have heard of him, of course? He is quite celebrated."

"No, I have not heard of him. But you see we have lived abroad so long. Years before my marriage I knew a Thomas Shirley, in fact, we grew up together. I wonder if it can be he."

"You can ascertain that this minute, Mrs. Seaton. Here comes Shirley, and, with your permission, I will introduce him."

A few minutes later a tall, brown-eyed man, with gray-streaked hair, a rather worn face, and a long, soft beard, is bowing before them.

"Shirley, Mrs. Seaton thinks that in you she has found an old friend," says Halwell.

"I was not mistaken, Mr. Halwell," answers Mrs. Seaton, "though probably Mr. Shirley has long since forgotten me." She speaks a little hurriedly, and a flush has risen in her usually cool, pale cheeks.

The artist bows quietly.

"I remember Mrs. Seaton perfectly,

and I feel honored that she should remember me after all these years." Then he smiles and points to the picture. "Did you recognize the subject, Mrs. Seaton?"

"Oh, yes, at once."

"Oh, mamma," cries Ray, "you know the scene?"

"Would you believe it, Miss Seaton, that that little girl is your mamma, and the boy your humble servant?"

"Oh! really, Mr. Shirley? What a sweet child you were, mamma! And how funny that you and Mr. Shirley should have played together when you were children."

"You can hardly realize that I was ever a child like that; can you, Miss Seaton?"

He moves nearer to the girl, and soon they are laughing and talking as though they had known each other for years, when Eleanore Seaton stands with downcast eyes, hardly hearing what Halwell is saying to her and answering mechanically. The two artists escort the ladies to their carriage and receive an invitation to dinner for the following evening. Halwell accepts at once, but Shirley hesitates. Then as he meets a pair of girlish, brown eyes, which seem to say, "Do come!" he also accepts.

"A charming woman, Mrs. Seaton?" his friend says, as they walk off together.

"Yes," replies Shirley, rather absently. Then he adds, "You know her husband, I suppose?"

"Well, no," replies the other, laughing. "I haven't that pleasure, as he has been dead for ten years."

"Indeed," says Shirley, simply, and then he changes the subject.

* * * * *

In the meantime, Eleanore Seaton, on reaching home, complains of fatigue and goes alone to her room. Attired in a loose tea-gown, she throws herself in a low chair before the bright fire in her boudoir, and leans her head on her hands. There is a quickening of all her pulses, usually so calm, so languid. In the leaping heart of the fire she seems to see mirrored the years since she had last looked upon Thomas Shirley's face, the handsome, boyish face, white with

pain, the brown eyes blazing with scorn. She had carried the memory of that face in her heart all these years.

She sees herself a bride, shrinking, afraid, upon the threshold of that new life which was to open to her the door of untold pleasures, intoxicating delights. And she had found instead—what? A bitter awakening to the fact that she had made a fatal mistake, wrecked her life. She shudders as she thinks again of that time, when, in her girlish ignorance, her utter agony, she had shrunk in undisguised horror from the man who was her husband, and moaned and wept as openly for the young lover to whom she had been false. But that had not lasted long. Wisdom had come to her, taught by the cold mocking light in her husband's eyes, the sneering, mocking smile on his lips. She learned to hide her pain, to lead her life with a smile on her lips and an aching heart, as many another woman has done before her, putting behind her girlhood, happiness, love, knowing her own hand had slain them.

Then her child was born, and she had dreamed of a new peace and happiness to come with the budding of that little life. But it was not to be. Seaton's wife must take the place, hold the position to which he had raised her. Well the young wife knew how useless it was to try to break her husband's iron will, so her baby was left to its nurses while she went the weary round of fashionable life for which she had sold herself, which she fondly had dreamed would make her happiness, but which, alas, she found so weary, so empty.

Then another phase developed itself in her life. Seaton was found to be suffering from some inward disease and was ordered abroad to some foreign baths. The next seven years were not devoid of peace to Eleanore Seaton. In administering to her husband, who had become a confirmed invalid, she forgot her own pain, her own mistake. Then Seaton died and she was free.

Free, rich, beautiful; what more did she want for happiness? And yet she was not happy. Her life glided on smoothly, placidly, but wearily, joylessly. She had put happiness away from her once and

she could not woo it back. And now—

The pictures of the past die in the leaping flames, and in their place comes a face, a somewhat worn face, with grave, brown eyes, and a kind smile. Her heart beats quickly as it had once beat in the blackberry field so long ago, so long ago. Other pictures are mirrored in the fire's red heart and hope paints them.

The artist comes to dinner on the following evening.

"How lovely you are, mamma," Ray says, a little before the arrival of the guests.

There is an unwonted flush in Eleanore Seaton's cheeks, a brilliant light in her usually languid eyes. She wears a dress of rose-pink which sets off her soft fairness.

The girl is dressed all in white. She looks very fair, and sweet, and girlish, but she has not her mother's flowery loveliness.

The two artists are the only guests that evening. After that Shirley becomes a frequent visitor at Mrs. Seaton's beautiful home.

One day, months later, he finds Ray alone.

"Do you know," she says to him, with a rather grave look in the brown eyes, usually so bright, so happy, "that we are going down to Cherry Farm for a few days?"

"Are you?" he replies. "Well, I think I will take a run down there myself at the same time. It has been some years since I saw the old place."

The girl's face brightens joyously.

"Oh, will you? Mamma and I would like that very much."

"The blackberry field will all be in bloom now," he goes on, in a low voice.

"I would like to show it to you. Will you meet me there about sunset the day after your arrival?"

"Yes," replies the girl.

* * * * *

The sun is setting. Such a beautiful sunset, the sky a mass of exquisite coloring.

Eleanore Seaton stands at the door of the old farmhouse and looks, with soft, dreamy eyes, at the old familiar scene. The air is full of the sweet perfume of roses. All is so peaceful, so fair, and happy dreams are in Eleanore Seaton's heart. Will they return to her again, love and happiness, here where she threw them away?

The sunset glow begins to fade, in its last glory of crimson and gold. Ray comes towards her through the roses. The girl's face is softly flushed, her eyes are drooping. She comes very slowly to her mother's side.

"Where have you been, dear?" the latter asks, wondering a little at the soft change in the girl's face.

"To the blackberry field," is the low answer, and the brown head droops more. Then suddenly the girl's arms are about her mother's neck, and, with her face hidden on her bosom, she whispers, "I was not alone in the blackberry field, mamma; Mr. Shirley was there, and—and oh, mamma, he loves me; me, can you imagine it? And he wants me to be his wife. I know now that I love him, and I am so happy, so very happy, mamma."

There is silence for a few moments, and then, very quietly, Eleanore Seaton bends and kisses the girlish cheek on her breast.

"I am very glad, dear, that you are so happy."

The sunset glow has all faded from the sky, leaving it pale, and cold, and gray. Eleanore Seaton, raising to it her weary eyes, thinks how the sunset glow has also faded from her heart, leaving it as pale, and cold, and gray. The happiness she had thrown away would never again be hers; Ray had found it "Where Blackberries Grew."



WHAT DID SHE SACRIFICE?

BY PLEYDELL NORTH.

THE heart of an English valley; a stretch of green slope, where oaks and elms had grown through slow centuries into grandeur; and through the fields, like an arrow of silver, the clear waters of the Lean.

Down by its banks a young girl, wandering alone; singing as she went, her white gown shining in the sunlight.

What was her song, I know not. Possibly it was the effort of a very young and sympathetic nature, seeking some faint expression for a sense of joy and beauty instinctively felt.

She thought she was alone; but presently above the high reeds she saw the head and shoulders of a solitary angler. Then she stopped singing and went on cautiously.



"A SOLITARY ANGLER."

VOL. LXIV—31

This young lady's chaperon was sitting up among the elms sketching. She had warned her charge not to wander too far away, and of the possibility of encountering strangers; some of the "all sorts of people"—tourists and wanderers—who were said in summer to delight in fishing the waters of the Lean.

There was that, however, in the shape of the head and shoulders, seen outlined against the sky, which attracted Miss Rawdon, and she did not turn back as she might have done.

She was very young, and the world promised to be a fairy tale, with always an impending transformation scene of entrancing possibilities. Only three weeks ago she had left school; the school-house at Norwood and the care of the two kindly Misses Lake, its mistresses, bounded all the horizon of her childish recollections. Now she was longing to come into touch with this world of wonders, the smallest incident of which promised an adventure.

When she reached a willow, half a field's length from the angler, she stopped. The trunk partly concealed her, and she could watch proceedings comfortably.

Nothing might have come of it. She might have returned to Mrs. Montresor sitting under the elms with no distinct increase of impression, beyond the outline of a hat and a pair of shoulders; but swish through the long grass came something—straight in her direction.

It was an Irish terrier, as keenly excursive as herself. He had caught sight of the white gleam behind the willow trunk, and, forgetful of his master and his master's interests, of all a dog's duty, he started to investigate its meaning.

"Back, Rollo—back, you beast!"

The call was imperative; but for once Rollo paid no heed. He had the bit of something white in his mouth in a trice;

the next moment, with much sagacity, he was fawning and fondling the little hand laid upon his tawny coat.

Instinct told Miss Rawdon it would be better to come from behind her retreat; so she stood forth in the flicker of sunlight and shadow, a maiden revealed.

Her hat was in her hand, her brown hair was all tumbled and blown; the folds of her white gown hung simple and straight round her slight, lissom figure. She was young, and fair, and sweet, and the dog, fawning upon her, had nestled his muzzle in her hand.

The fisherman forgot the already startled fish; he left his line in the bushes and came towards her.

"Down, Rollo—down, you dog—you—"

Why do we love to picture the birth of the greatest joy which earth has to give out in the open, where the wind comes laden with the songs of a thousand birds, the scents of a million of flowers that have lived and loved and died? For the sake of our poor humanity, let us still think that to love purely is to draw nearer to God—is a step forward upon the way that shall lead to His disclosing. It is at the time of this awakening of our greatest capabilities for joy or sorrow that we are most willing to believe Him near—then, and at the time of that other awakening which we are apt to call death. In both cases the issues are so tremendous, the weakness of our finality turns outward, seeking help from the Infinite.

Like death, love is no respecter of persons, time or place—he comes upon us when and how and where he wills; but, if we may choose, let it be far from the jarring discords of the world, the flesh, and the devil—for one moment let us enter Eden, let us stand, pure, holy, unstained before God.

The fisherman had no idea that any-

thing tremendous was happening to him as he stood, hat in hand, apologizing for his dog. Only the day had suddenly grown more fair, his heart younger, God nearer.

Ellinor thought, "What will Mrs. Montresor say? He is worth looking at." And she also felt happier; but in the meantime she must speak.

"Oh, it doesn't signify at all, thank you," looking at her soiled gown; "I



"SHE WAS YOUNG AND FAIR."

love dogs, but I am afraid I have spoiled your sport."

"I have had none to-day—the sun is too bright."

The dog had by this time retreated to his master, and Ellinor felt that she must make a move in the direction of her chaperon.

"My friend is up there," she said, pointing vaguely in the direction of the trees, "and I must go back to her. I

hope you will have better sport—though not a change of weather,” she added, laughing gayly, “for the sake of our luncheon.”

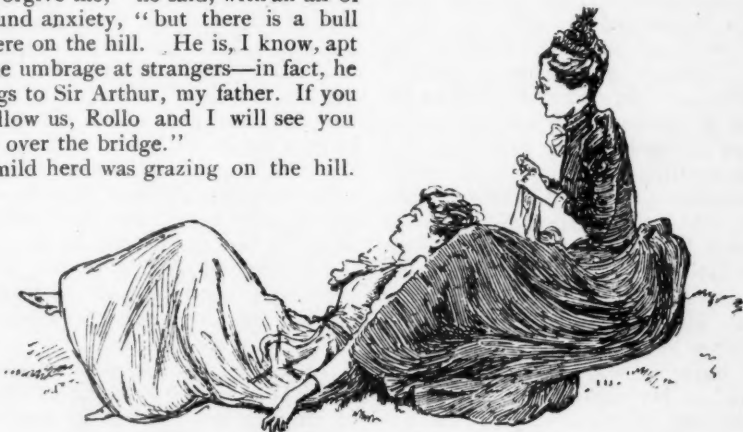
She turned away; but to lose her just then was not within the calculations of the fisherman.

“Forgive me,” he said, with an air of profound anxiety, “but there is a bull up there on the hill. He is, I know, apt to take umbrage at strangers—in fact, he belongs to Sir Arthur, my father. If you will allow us, Rollo and I will see you safely over the bridge.”

A mild herd was grazing on the hill.

him—that I can remember. I have been at school all these years, and he has been in America.”

“Well, that is rather a stunner—to drop all at once into a parent when you are full grown; but I expect it will be all right.”



“SHE LAY WITH HER HEAD RESTING ON MRS. MONTRESOR’S KNEE.”

They showed no signs of ferocity; but it was impossible to say where the bull might be hiding. And why should this pleasant-mannered person tell a story?

She felt rather amused. The first young man to whom she had spoken, and lo, he was walking composedly at her side!

“Is this land your father’s? I hope we are not trespassing?”

“Oh, dear no—no end of people come here to sketch the ruins.”

“I am Miss Rawdon, of Firholt,” said Ellinor, a little stiffly. She did not care to be confounded with “no end of people.”

“Oh,” he said, eagerly, “I know. Your father has bought that property—a splendid property it is, too.”

“I am expecting my father to-night.”

“That’s jolly for you,” he said sympathizingly. “At least, I suppose it is.”

She looked at him gravely. How was it that she felt she could say to this stranger what was in her heart.

“Is it not strange?” she said almost below her breath. “I have never seen

He smiled at her so kindly that the commonplace words seemed the deepest sympathy. By this time she had taken his image with some clearness into her mind, as she never again quite lost it. A tall, well-made man of thirty, with kind, gray eyes that smiled pleasantly; a broad and rather high forehead, where the hair already grew a little thin about the temples. The rest of the features were straight and finely cut; the chin slightly pointed.

“Somebody would have liked to paint him,” she thought; “one of those old men, Velasquez or Rembrandt.”

They had reached the bridge, and the vision of Mrs. Montresor, standing up and looking for her charge, presented itself. Catching sight of her in her present alarming vicinity, she hurried forward.

“There is my friend,” said Ellinor, “Mrs. Montresor. Will you come and be introduced to her?”

She felt pleased at the consternation visible on her guardian’s face as she drew near.

"This is Mr. Peyton, Mrs. Montresor; he has kindly protected me from a ferocious bull in the other field. It seems we are upon Sir Arthur Peyton's ground."

"I am very much obliged to Mr. Peyton; but you should not have wandered so far away, Ellinor, and you are quite heated. Come and sit down."

"I hear you have been drawing the ruins. I dabble in color a little myself," said Peyton. He seemed to have no intention of leaving. He went back with them to the shade of the elm trees, and stayed chatting, directing most of his conversation to Mrs. Montresor, until Jacky (the page) appeared with the luncheon basket, prompted by his own inner cravings. Then at last Mr. Peyton remembered the claims of his fishing tackle. He held Ellinor's hand for a moment as he said farewell.

"I hope we may soon meet again," he said. "My mother has been meaning to call upon you; but she has scarcely been able to leave the house for some weeks."

When he was gone they spread the snowy cloth upon the grass, and such a collation as women love, cold chicken, and a fresh young lettuce, a bottle of Sauterne, and crisp pastry sheltering green gooseberries.

Afterwards Ellinor lay with her head resting against Mrs. Montresor's knee, gazing up through the trellis work of green to the blue depths beyond. She dreamed peacefully a vague, fanciful dream, half pleasant retrospection, half anticipation. She felt that her morning's encounter had broken the isolation of her life. Strange that it should happen upon this day, of all others; for its close was to reveal to her her one near link with her kind—the unknown father who yet had shaped her destiny. Miss Rawdon was distinctly an heiress, the sum of her expectations had been vaguely hinted at as nearly half a million. She had stepped from her school life to this glorious independence; to be mistress of Firholt, "the place in Hampshire" bought and fitted up for her reception. And the royal giver of all this was her father, known only through letters de-

livered to her through the medium of Miss Lake.

Her school days had been watched over vicariously by Messrs. Ridgway and Smithson, solicitors; but now, he was coming—the being who should crown his gifts with his presence.

She had often pictured him. Tall she fancied him, with hair turning iron gray; perhaps a little stoop; tired from the toil of the years in which he had amassed the wealth which he was coming to share with his little girl. That was the name he gave her in his letters. Short letters they had been, explaining little, but often repeating his desire that she should fully qualify herself for the position it would be hers to fill—telling her that all the hopes and desires of the writer's heart were centred upon his little girl, and that he was always "her affectionate father, Matthew Rawdon."

To-day her dreams were clearer than ever. They seemed a very foreshadowing of his presence. It was the restlessness of expectation which had drawn her to persuade Mrs. Montresor to come out to spend these last hours in the open fields.

It was nearly five o'clock when they started on their homeward drive. On reaching Firholt they were met by the housekeeper with the news that Mr. Rawdon had already arrived—two hours before his time. Ellinor waited for no comment, she flew up the steps, and across the the hall, to the small drawing-room where, she was told, he was awaiting her.

An older woman would have paused—tried to prepare herself for the meeting—Ellinor thought only of the end of suspense. She threw open the door.

He had seen the carriage drive up, heard her coming; he was standing in the middle of the room awaiting her.

"Father!" then she stopped short.

Was this he—this her father? There must be some mistake. A small man stood there. His right hand held the wrist of his left, as if seeking support even from himself. One foot shuffled nervously over the other. His clothes hung loosely, and set badly. He was spare and thin; his scant hair was iron-gray and stubbly, inclined to stand up-

right; his beard was stubbly also, and apparently of recent growth. Above all, he did not look a gentleman. He came forward and spoke. His voice was a redeeming point; it was soft and musical—coming from such a man, it was a surprise. So were his eyes, when he lifted them as he drew near. Habitually they were downcast. He came, leaving the custody of his own wrist, and rubbing his hands together.

It was a relief when Mrs. Montresor came in. If she felt surprise, she was too clever to show it, and her somewhat effusive greeting gave Ellinor time to recover herself. She gave her father his tea; he begged her to. His face lit up at every small office she performed for him. He watched her, he gloated over her, her freshness, her sweetness, her beauty.

"My little girl," he said to himself,



"WAS THIS HER FATHER?"

"Is this," he said, "is this my little girl?"

She lifted her head and blushed. Was it for him, or for her thoughts of him?

"Yes, father, I am Ellinor."

He leant forward and kissed her brow—he had no occasion to stoop. As he did so, his eyes met hers. She saw them, wistful, pleading, as though asking forgiveness for she knew not what, perhaps for his presence. Her heart reproached her; everything was his, even herself.

more than once, hugging his own wrist.

Mrs. Montresor saw the strained look upon the girl's face, the trembling of her hands upon the tea-cups. As soon as the function was over, she proposed to conduct Mr. Rawdon over his own house.

"Messrs. Ridgway and Smithson were so good as to consult me about the arrangements," she said. "I hope they will meet with your approval."

"Sure to do that, ma'am—sure to do that," he answered.

"Ellinor, dear," said Mrs. Montresor, "you look tired. Had you not better go and take your hat off? Meet us in the long gallery. We will wait for you there."

Ellinor was thankful for the respite, for the chance of solitude. In safety within her own room, she flung herself upon her bed; she was overwrought, over-excited, and her dismay found vent in ready tears, a fit of childish, heart-broken sobbing.

"What should she do? What should she do? Who was he? What was he? And the Peytons were coming to call!"

Then, the fit of crying over, and being a child still, and simple in her ways, she knelt beside the bed, and prayed for strength to do her duty. When Mrs. Montresor came to seek her nearly an hour later, she was sitting calmly by the window.

"You should have come down, Ellinor," she said, busying herself about the room; "your father was disappointed."

"I was very tired, dear Monty. I am sorry."

There was a quiet, constrained tone in the young voice that was new to it. Mrs. Montresor was a good woman, but of coarser stuff than her charge. She went over to her side. "Tut, dear child—don't fret—he has kind eyes—you must take care of him—£300,000—he's a prince compared to many a man I've seen fêted for half the money."

Ellinor drew back a little.

"It is time to dress for dinner," she said. "I mustn't vex my father by being late. Is he gone to his room?"

Instinct had revealed to her her lesson. There was a burden she must stoop to carry, but to the world she must walk upright.

With curious consistency she chose the handsomest dinner dress in her wardrobe for her toilette; one which she had put aside as unfitting her years. The train and bodice were of gray velvet, falling open in front over a petticoat of brocade and old lace. Indeed, it was better suited for a woman of forty; but, when her maid had gathered her hair into a tight knot on the top of her little head, and she had fastened a great bunch

of roses in her bosom, she looked a quaint and dainty lady, and moved with a newly born dignity pretty to see. She glanced at herself in the pier-glass. "Had it been different," she thought, "I could have put on my white gown. I could have remained young. Now I see why he educated me; I must make it up to him."

He was waiting for her in the large drawing-room; not in evening dress, but wearing a loose black coat and white waistcoat. He looked at her with pride, almost with awe, as, her head held high, she swept into the room. The dinner passed off better than she had hoped. She noted that he was cautious and quick of observation. He watched her and Mrs. Montresor from beneath his eyelids, and followed their lead; also he talked little.

Mrs. Montresor was right in her prediction that the county would call. Before Mr. Rawdon had been a fortnight at Firholt the carriages began to roll up the drive with considerable frequency. Ellinor took her line. She was a little on the defensive, dignified, very quiet, defying criticism. In the daytime she dressed with marked plainness, in the evenings with marked splendor. It was wonderful where the girl had learnt that she could no longer afford to be childish.

Among the first comers were the Peytons; Guy, with his mother. Sir Arthur was laid up with the gout. The visit was not altogether a success. Mr. Rawdon was at home, and there were no other visitors. He always struck strangers in the light of a surprise. He stood in front of Lady Peyton, clasping and unclasping his wrist, shuffling his feet, replying in short, jerky sentences to her efforts at conversation, and calling her "Ma'am." Guy, after the first shock, was constrained and polite; a different man from the pleasant stranger Ellinor had chatted to in the fields.

She wondered, did he repent having brought his mother to the house. She imagined bitterly the criticisms that would occupy the drive home—could she have been present in body, as she was in imagination, she would scarcely have been reassured. Guy was moody and

silent, and his mother looked at him anxiously. She had divined something beneath his anxiety that she should call upon these new people. "You had better go, my dear," her husband had said; "£300,000! and if he should really take a fancy to the girl, and she is presentable! We want the money badly enough, goodness knows. In fact, he *must* marry money."

Lady Peyton had not thought it wise to repeat this advice to her son; now she was feeling very much put out. The girl was well enough, more than presentable, and showed her good sense in her dress. But the man! What a price to pay for the old estate!

She turned suddenly to her son, after thinking of these things in silence for a quarter of an hour.

"What a man!" she said, irritably. "He is like some small city clerk on a hundred a year—a badger!"

"He might be worse," said Guy, nervously; "he might be obtrusive."

"I don't know that it would be worse. You would expect a man with nearly half a million of money to be assertive—but this creature—one asks, who can he be? How did he come by it? He hasn't the brain—he doesn't look one in the face—he is mean as well as low bred!"

It was seldom Lady Peyton spoke with so much vehemence; she was terribly put out, and she overshot the mark. The following day Guy again called at Firholt; rode over alone; he remembered a suggestion he wished to make to Mr. Rawdon about the fishing. He had thought over the situation; had weighed and justly appreciated the change in the girl which had perplexed him the day before, and thrown him out. He saw her determination not to be taken apart from her father, and it turned admiration into a serious and tender respect. He felt a chivalrous desire to atone to the girl who so bravely set herself to cast aside her frivolities and lightheartedness, and fight society with this terrible little man by her side.

He found Ellinor sitting under the brown beeches on the lawn. Mr. Rawdon was not at home, which, perhaps, was a relief to everyone concerned. Tea was

brought out under the trees, and Mrs. Montresor came with her work. Perhaps the threatened destruction of an intercourse which had promised so much made its renewal sweeter. At any rate, from that afternoon the story of these two people ran with even facility to its climax. Guy Peyton asked Ellinor to be his wife in a simple, straightforward way about three months after their first meeting. Tragedy and parting seemed so far removed from their fate, when once the difficulty of her parentage was faced and accepted, that there was no occasion for much protestation. The undoubtingness of their love made it simple in expression; they knew that it dated from the day they had met by the Lean, and Rollo had effected their introduction. Sir Guy and Lady Peyton were forced into cordiality, for the dower offered by Mr. Rawdon was simply magnificent. The £300,000 proved no dream; it was solidly invested, and he proposed to settle almost the entire sum upon his daughter on her wedding-day, retaining only a sufficiency to supply the most simple needs. He also signified his intention of vacating Firholt for her use.

"Perhaps," he said, gently, "he would visit her occasionally—for himself rooms in town would be more to his taste." He explained this to Sir Arthur, who felt compelled to remonstrate, although secretly he thought the arrangement in every way admirable. Lady Peyton was exultant. With Mr. Rawdon's withdrawal, the one fatal drawback to the marriage was removed. But Matthew Rawdon said nothing of his plans to his daughter.

It was within a few months of the date fixed for the wedding that a great dinner was given at Firholt. At the last moment a note arrived from Lady Peyton; could Ellinor find room at the table for a friend, an American on a visit to Europe, who had appeared suddenly at the Hall, bringing letters of introduction impossible to neglect?

They were among the last to arrive. Ellinor was receiving to-night in the great drawing-room, and she looked fit to reign there. She wore a dress of golden-hued chiffon. Across her bosom and on the

skirt were sprays of daisies, and the heart of every daisy was a blazing sapphire—a type of the girl's nature she was totally unaware of.

Her father had taken up his favorite position with his back to one of the fireplaces, and she stood near him. Mr. Rawdon had improved during the last

Rawdon, one of the finest I *should* say in this fine country."

Her father made some inaudible reply; the curious pallor was still upon his face, but dinner was announced; she had no chance of speaking to him. During dinner she watched him anxiously. She saw that he was more than usually ner-



"THE HOST HAD FALLEN FORWARD IN HIS CHAIR."

few months. He shuffled less; his clothes, thanks to Ellinor, were irreproachable, and, especially since his daughter's engagement, he had grown daily more calm.

The Peytons were announced.

Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton, Mr. Peyton, and Mr. —; the name was lost.

Ellinor saw a spare, tall man, keen-faced and vigilant. He was bowing before her. She heard a slow, slightly nasal monotone beginning—

"I must apologize, Miss Rawdon—" He had reached the slight elevation of the last syllable, when an irresistible impulse made her turn from him to her father.

Matthew Rawdon had grown deadly pale. He had leaned back against the mantel, clutching himself nervously.

"Father!"

He gave a swift motion of the hand, bidding her be still, and with an effort recovered himself.

A moment later she heard again the American's voice.

"You have a fine place here, Mr.

vous; that he drank a good deal of wine. Once or twice she caught a penetrating glance, swift and direct, thrown by the American to that end of the table.

Throughout she seemed to hear above every other sound the slight rise and fall of that slow, clear monotone, and felt she hated the man. It was a relief and reassuring to turn her head and catch Guy's smile, and she was thankful when she could give the signal for withdrawal.

After the ladies had gone, the American had the field to himself. His metallic bell gradually silenced the other men, and he got the ear of the table.

Mr. Rawdon's chief merits as a host were that he gave good wine, good dinners, and left his guests entire freedom. He usually headed the table in silence, with the result that, on the present occasion, his white, exhausted face escaped remark, except from Guy Peyton. Matthew Rawdon had now something more than toleration from his future son-in-law—partly on Ellinor's account, partly on his own.

The unobtrusive self-effacement of the

little man appealed strongly to those who came within his immediate influence.

The American was dilating on the fortunes made and lost on the other side of the Atlantic.

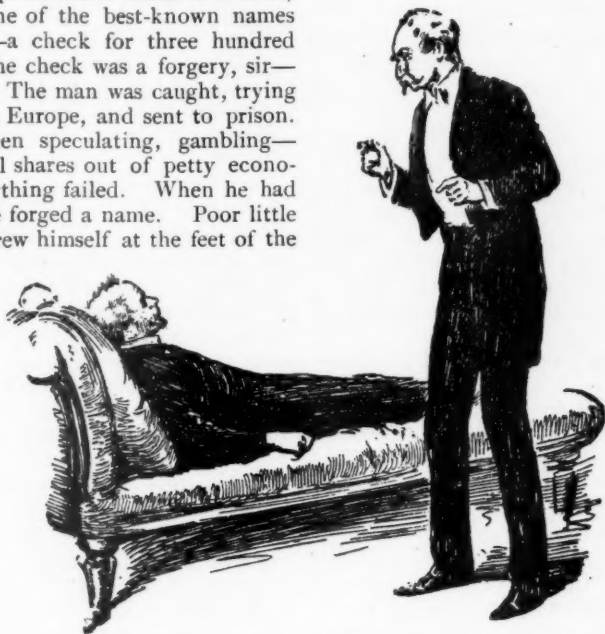
"A curious case," he was saying, "a curious case I knew once—a poor, wretched little clerk in an office in Boston city—he had a wife and child and one hundred and fifty pounds a year. One fine day he presented a check at a bank, signed by one of the best-known names in the city—a check for three hundred dollars. The check was a forgery, sir—a forgery! The man was caught, trying to escape to Europe, and sent to prison. He had been speculating, gambling—buying small shares out of petty economies; everything failed. When he had no more, he forged a name. Poor little chap, he threw himself at the feet of the

There was a sound as of a blow, a clatter of silver and glass. The host had fallen forward in his chair; his body lay across the table, the arms stretched out.

* * * * *

"Where is my father?"

Guy Peyton was by Ellinor's side in the drawing-room. Nearly half an hour had elapsed since the abrupt conclusion



"THE SHRIVELLED FIGURE ON THE COUCH TREMBLED."

man he had wronged and begged for mercy; but he went to the hulks—his wife died of a broken heart.

"Now, sir, for the remarkable point. While that man was serving his time, some darned sentimental fool died, and left him every penny of his colossal fortune. His time served out, the man went to Europe, where he was unknown, to spend his money. When I saw him again, sir, he was about to ally himself, through his daughter, to one of the oldest and proudest families of this proud old country. He had changed two letters of his name. The name of the clerk, sir, was Daw—"

of the American's story. Mr. Rawdon had been carried from the table, but Guy had taken care that no rumor of alarm should reach Ellinor until he himself could go to her.

"He is not quite himself; he is in the library."

"What is the matter? Why was I not told? I must go to him."

"It is not serious. My father is with him. Don't go, Ellinor. It was a slight faintness, that is all. Don't let people imagine anything has gone wrong. I asked Mrs. Montresor to go down."

"Are you sure? Would he rather I stayed here?"

"I am quite sure he would rather you stayed here, and I also, Ellinor."

She obeyed him; but she was uneasy with foreboding, especially when Sir Arthur did not return, and longed to see the last of her guests, that she might be free.

In the library lay the master of Firholt. He had shrunk in this last hour. He was more wizened; his hands and feet seemed drawing themselves up into clothes that had suddenly grown loose and baggy; his face was livid, even to the lips. He lay with his eyes closed.

Sir Arthur Peyton was walking up and down the room, limping still from the gout, his face working. He was in a terrible passion.

"You own to it—that this man's story is true; that you have plotted to bring disgrace upon an honorable house; added crime to crime, the taint of it to fall upon the children of my son?"

The shrivelled figure on the couch trembled.

"I believed that it would never become known. I did it for her."

"Known or not known, the disgrace was there—the d—— disgrace! Good God! how can I tell what Guy will do! The exposure alone——"

"Must that exposure come?" said Mr. Rawdon, faintly.

"Come? who is to prevent it?" said the man of title. "The scandal will half kill Lady Peyton. To be sure I have stopped that——American's mouth for the present. No one but he and myself know for certain."

A faint tinge of color was coming back to Mr. Rawdon's face. He reached a cordial that was upon a table near, and drank it.

"Sir Arthur, when I forged that check my wife was dying, and I had no money—none. I had begged five pounds from the father of the man who dined at my table to-day, and he refused it; then I used his name. Now I am going to beg once more—for my daughter—for Ellinor. Stop this thing from becoming public; save her from knowing. It will be better for you, too; and I—I will go to-night. I cannot stay here. I will write to her—telling her that the love

of the old roving life is upon me—what you will. I cannot live long; I know it. The attack I had to-night was from the heart."

"And my son?"

"Tell him if you think it right; do as you like. Send him abroad. I will tell Ellinor she must wait for my return, but let it fall upon her gradually—gently; do not break her heart."

There was something in the absolute simplicity of the man's pleading that touched Sir Arthur's heart—not an unkindly one; also the plan proposed seemed the best for them all.

Sir Arthur hesitated. "I think," he said, slowly, at last, "it will be the best plan."

"You consent then? You can assure this man's silence——"

"I consent. And as for Mr.—Mr.——, yes, I can silence him."

When at length Ellinor was rid of her guests, she went to seek her father. She found that he had gone to his room, and that the door was locked.

He answered back to her inquiries that he was better—anxious to sleep; she might go to bed without fear. She went back to Guy, who was waiting in the drawing-room. Ellinor slipped her arms about his neck—

"Guy, what is the matter to-night? Something has happened, or is going to happen. What is it?"

He gathered her in his arms, crushing the chiffons of her yellow gown—

"Nothing but your own nervous fears, sweetheart."

"Guy, we have never talked much about our love. Tell me how much you love me."

"An idle question, Nell. I love you, dear. If you were alone, and poor——"

"And dishonored—dishonored, Guy."

"And dishonored, Nell—outwardly; in your own pure heart you never could be—you are mine; the one woman for whom, by God's help, I live or die."

She clung to him.

"Thank you, Guy."

"It is nonsense," he said; "it is you who give me everything. If I loved you less I could not take it. You believe that, Nell?"

"Indeed I do."

She lifted up her face to say good-night. Suddenly he caught her back to his arms.

"Oh, my love, my love, I almost wish these things might come upon you, that I might prove it."

* * * * *

When the quiet darkness of night had settled down upon Firholt, the door of its master's room opened softly. Treading as a thief in his own house, Mr. Rawdon stole out. He glided, a small dark blot, through passages where a faint moonlight from time to time illuminated his shrinking figure until he reached the door of his daughter's room.

He paused, listening. All was so quiet within, he ventured to turn the handle.

The stillness told him that Ellinor was asleep. Treading on tiptoe he stole across to the bed. There was sufficient light for him to see her face plainly, and, stooping over her, he kissed her lightly on the forehead—for the last time.

Early the next morning Mrs. Montresor came to Ellinor's room with a letter. She looked grave and anxious.

"How is my father?" asked Ellinor. "Has John been to him—have you heard?"

"Your father has been called away suddenly on business, dear child. He has written; here is his letter."

"What! without telling me? And he was so ill last night!"

Matthew Rawdon, in writing for the last time to his daughter, had characteristically avoided much self-expansion.

He spoke of his absence as necessary even for her own well-being, and begged her in the matter of her marriage to be guided by the wishes of Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton until his return.

Ellinor read his words in silence. She felt that some heavy blow had fallen, although as yet she could not realize its extent or nature; also she was wounded and amazed.

She had scarcely left the breakfast-room when Lady Peyton arrived. Sir Arthur had taken his wife into his counsels, and she fully agreed in keeping such secrecy as might still be possible. It was a hard

blow for her; the sense of shame, of having been duped, added to the disappointment, the overthrow of all her plans, made it almost unbearable.

It was clear that the breaking off of the engagement must come from Ellinor—there was no knowing what Guy's chivalrous notions might lead him into doing—and Lady Peyton drove over to Firholt



"MR. RAWDON STOLE OUT."

in the morning, while her son thought her still in her room.

Her visit was a short one.

She entreated Ellinor for her own sake not to seek to know the reasons of her father's conduct. She told her that his last express wishes, left with Sir Arthur, had been that the marriage should be put off until his return, and implored her, for Guy's sake, to be guided by them.

"And his return—when will that be?" asked the girl, with blanched face.

"I—no one, I think, exactly knows."

"And it is for Guy's sake you ask me this?"

"Indeed it is—to save him from the consequences of a fatal mistake—from an irreparable wrong."

"And this mistake—it was my father's?"

"Yes."

Ellinor walked to the window. Was she to lose everything at one blow—father, lover—all that life held for her?

"You are sure? This is best for Guy—is it to save him?" she asked again at last.

"I am quite sure."

The girl walked over to the writing table without another word.

"You will know that my father has left me suddenly," she wrote. "I believe Sir Arthur and Lady Peyton know more of the cause than I. I learn that it is his wish that our marriage should be delayed until his return. No one knows when that will be. For your own sake I write to give you your freedom. I was mad to ask of you what I did last night—forget it, Guy! Do you think I am cold-hearted that I write so? I think I am dead—I can feel nothing."

When she had finished Lady Peyton was prepared to leave.

"I will send this," Ellinor said; "John shall ride over at once."

"You are a brave woman, Ellinor." She kissed the girl's cheek.

Sir Arthur had purposely detained his son that morning, talking over matters totally unconnected with the topic uppermost in both minds. Guy had just escaped and was mounting to ride over to Firholt when Ellinor's letter was put into his hand. He went straight to Sir Arthur, the letter in his hand. He was thunderstruck and furiously angry.

"You knew of this, sir? My mother has seen Ellinor this morning."

"The elder man felt uncomfortable. There was an unpleasant look of conspiracy about the affair; but, Ellinor having proved reasonable, secrecy was no longer an object, and he told his son simply the whole story.

"Very well, sir," he said when his father paused. "I more than half guessed the truth last night. In the face of it I renewed my word to Miss Rawdon. I can only say—if she will not marry me, I will marry no woman alive."

Then he took his hat and went out, over to Firholt. Ellinor came down to

him, a haggard, white-faced woman.

"Ellinor, what do you mean——?"

"You know what I mean."

"Don't you know it is simply impossible to separate yourself from me?"

"You must not marry me."

"Nonsense, I mean to marry you."

She clasped her hands and rested the open palms upon his shoulder, looking into his face, her strained, tired eyes meeting his, "Guy, I must find him—find my father."

"Do you love him best?"

"No, but if I married you, even if your father and mother consented, if I could escape from doing you shameful injury, he would keep away, thinking that so we might be happy. I should have his long pain, perhaps his death upon my heart."

"Dear love, I will find him; then we go away together, he and you and I."

"No, no, it is impossible. Your mother would be heartbroken; and she trusts me."

"She did wrong to appeal to you. If we had been married, they must have accepted everything; there would have been no alternative, and it is the same thing."

"Guy, what has he done?"

"Nothing, love, that has not long ago been wiped out."

But Ellinor kept her word. Guy must and she would wait for her father's homecoming.

Guy also kept his word. He told her that he held himself bound, that he would seek Matthew Rawdon through the world and bring him back. In the meantime Ellinor refused to receive his letters or write to him.

After two years some one came; not her father, but Guy.

He had been to the house first, and took her unawares. Until she saw him she did not know the exceeding bitterness of her loneliness and longing; she stretched out arms with a cry.

"Sweetheart," she said presently, "there must be no more parting between you and me. My people can't stand out any longer—the loneliness of the old place has proved too much for them."

"But my father. If he came back

would they welcome him? And, until he does, how can I break my word?"

"Listen, love—they think, we all think—Nell, I have tried every means to find him, and failed." There was a rustling among the laurel leaves. "It is only a bird," said Guy, feeling that she started.

"You think," she almost whispered, "that he is—dead?—without saying good-bye—without a word to me? Oh, Guy, whatever he has done I loved him. How can I be happy in the fruit of his pain—to die deserted and alone?"

He tried to comfort her. Would not the greatest wish, the one keen desire of the lost man's heart be fulfilled if she were beloved and happy?

Together they walked toward the house; when they were out of sight the laurels rustled once more, and in the dusk there crept out a small, dark figure, unshaven, ragged, and forlorn. A beggar, surely! And the beggar knelt and kissed the dust which the young girl's feet had trodden.

In the morning one of the gardeners came up to the house with a grave face, and asked to see Mrs. Montresor.

"If you please, ma'am, there's a man, a tramp, he looks like; a poor, half-starved creature, he's lying dead among the laurels down by the shrubbery walk."

"Good God! The poor man! Who can he be?"

The man's face was working; he was twirling his cap in his hands. He leaned forward and whispered—

"Ma'am, I think, I al—most think—it's the master, Mr. Rawdon."

So for the second time the master of Firholt came home.

They carried the small, light figure to the house, to his own room, a strange contrast to its luxurious fittings.

There Ellinor went to him, and shut the door.

"Father! father! Oh, why will you not speak to me? Say once more, 'My little girl.'"

But Matthew Rawdon, the forger, would never speak again. Medical examination showed that he had been dead for many hours, the immediate cause of death being an old and deeply-seated heart disease, increased by suffering and want. He seemed to have been leading the life of a vagrant, but how and where he had succeeded in so completely hiding himself never came to light. The story of his death was hushed up, as had been that of his crime. Lady Peyton carefully talked of him as "highly eccentric," and explained that it was entirely owing to his eccentricity that her son's marriage had been postponed. The odd little man had started off in such an unaccountable manner, and Ellinor had been so resolute in abiding by his wish that she should await his return.

Well, he had come, and he was dead, and there was an end of it. No one had much interest in ferreting out the truth of his story. When the days of her mourning were ended, Ellinor married very quietly.



"IN THE DUSK THERE CREPT OUT A SMALL, DARK FIGURE."

THE BEAUTIFUL SINGER.

BY ELSIE LIVINGSTON.

THE train thundered into the station. Miss De Karri, wearied by her long day of travel, drew a sigh of relief as she entered the carriage awaiting her, and amid the fast-falling sleet and heavy fog, was driven to the hotel.

Once in her own room, the dust of the journey brushed off, her travelling suit exchanged for a peignoir, her feet on the low fender before a blazing, soft-coal fire, a dainty tea equipage on a little table beside her, she nestled indolently back among her cushions and gave herself up to the luxury of an hour's rest.

The blissful time of repose was over, and her maid was just putting the finishing touches to her mistress' toilet, when a low knock was heard at the door.

The servant who entered in response to Miss De Karri's "come in," said:

"Oh, if you please, mum, there's jest the raggedest, dirtiest, little boy down stairs. that *will* see you. We've told him over and over ag'in he *can't*, but he jest *won't* take 'no' for an answer. He was here in the mornin', 'n' ag'in this afternoon before you come, inquirin' 'bout you, 'n' he says he *must* see you."

"Let him come up," was the answer, and the beautiful face was full of womanly sympathy and interest.

Dirty and ragged the little boy most certainly was, and for a time too completely overcome by the vision of loveliness and splendor before him to give any excuse for his persistency. But the winning sweetness so characteristic of the beautiful singer, put him somewhat at his ease, and enabled him to stammer forth his request.

A strange one, surely, to make of the world's idol.

A request from an old man, who lay dying, that *she*, the peerless singer, would come and sing "Home, Sweet Home" to him before he died.

"I told him 'twouldn't be no use;

course, mum, I know'd yer couldn't, but he's *powerful* fond o' hearin' ye sing, mum, 'n' nearly starved hisself fur weeks to git a ticket to *stand up* 'n' hear ye when ye was here the last time. Ben savin' 'n' scrapin' to hear ye *ag'in*—ben a-countin' on it, mum, but was took suddint with the fever more'n a week back; was most wore out with the rheumatiz anyhow, before, 'n' nothin' 'ud do but I must come 'n' *ask* ye. But course I know'd yer couldn't," with a pleading in his voice and eyes more pathetic than words.

"Yes, I will come," the stately lady said.

A hasty note was sent to the manager, who groaned in despair over the great lady's vagaries.

"But she knows she can?" he muttered. "That's just it; she knows that *she* can do anything."

And, with considerable ill humor, he made known to the audience that its favorite singer was unavoidably detained for an hour or two.

A low murmur of discontent was heard; but it was *De Karri* for whom the expectant audience waited; and, as the manager had truthfully said, "*She* could do anything."

Meanwhile, the singer for whom the fashion and wealth of the city were waiting was being rapidly driven to its poorest quarters.

Her self-constituted guide in the same carriage was gazing with awe-struck admiration at her beauty. Beguiled, however, by her evident interest, he forgot his shyness and found himself telling her not only about poor old "Daddy Means" and his admiration for herself and her singing, but about himself and a military company of which he had been the captain.

"Yer see, mum, I got it up—me 'n' Benjermin Franklin—'n' I was captain 'n' Benjermin he was fust lieutenant, 'n'

the other boys—one on 'em got a flag 'n' nother on 'em a drum, 'n' after a while they all got somethin' ur ruther, 'n' they took all the best places; 'n' I wasn't nothin' nur Benjermin Franklin he wasn't, neither."

"Is Benjamin Franklin your brother?" she asked, when she had sympathized with him duly on his loss of military honors.

"Only my adopted brother, mum; but we're allus together. He come with me to-night, Benjermin Franklin did."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, he's outside."

"Outside—in this storm!" she exclaimed, surprised at such treatment of the boy he seemed to love so. "You had better call him in."

"P'raps ye wouldn't like him, mum. Then he's orful wet 'n' dirty."

"Never mind." And she tried not to smile at the idea of this forlorn Arab noticing anyone else's dirt.

She pulled the check-string and opening the door before the driver had time to leave his box, the boy gave a peculiar whistle, then leaned over and pulled into the carriage the very dirtiest, most forlorn-looking dog imaginable.

His companion gave an involuntary start, but the boy, who was utterly unconscious of any deception, did not notice it, and said:

"There he is, mum. He's a real knowin' dorg, that's why I called him Benjermin Franklin. He was a knowin' man wasn't he? Somebody told me he was."

"Yes, he was a very wise man."

"Now, Benjermin Franklin, speak to the lady and set up nice."

The dog "*spoke*" in dog language, and then sat bolt upright on the seat.

Having made Benjamin Franklin's acquaintance, Miss De Karri returned to the story of the lost captaincy.

The child nothing loath to continue it, said:

"If I had a sword, 'n' Benjermin Franklin a collar I'd git up anuther company better'n the fust one. I'm a savin' up money fur it now," (ostentatiously rattling a few coppers in the pocket of his ragged trousers.) "I'm

goin' to git the collar fust, he needs one so bad, his ribbons gits so dirty."

Pulling the rag, by courtesy called a ribbon, that adorned the dog's neck.

"Have you saved much towards it?" she asked, touched by the unselfishness that would buy the dog's collar first.

"Yes'm' I've got *thirteen cents*! Ye see, mum, summer's over, lodgin's don't cost nothin', 'n' I made a considerable last summer, 'n' days when I gits a breakfus' I don't min' lettin' up on dinner, though course I couldn't let Benjermin Franklin go hungry, he mightn't understand."

Two bright drops that rivalled her jewels fell on his listener's gown. But the boy, all unconscious of anything pathetic in his little tale, went on talking about a collar and sword he had seen, adding anxiously:

"Captains wear swords; don't they, mum?"

"Oh, yes."

Then, prompted by some impulse, she told him the exquisite story of King Arthur and his knights, and the sword Excalibur, the boy listening breathlessly until the carriage stopped before a wretched tenement-house.

Through foul courts and dark passages reeking with noisome odors, up rickety stairs, the fair lady followed her little guide. They came at last to a miserable attic, bare of even the merest necessities of life.

On a pile of coarse straw in the corner lay an old man very near his end. He had perhaps seen better days, though there was little to show it. But through all his checkered life and sordid surroundings he had retained a love for the heaven-sent gift of music.

The glazed eyes brightened, the stiffening lips faltered out:

"Sing—'Home—Sweet—Home.'"

Was there some far away tender association of his boyhood's home, or was it the thought of the home to which he was going, that made him love the song?

And she at whose feet the world laid its trophies, sang it now as she had never sung it for the world, while the look of suffering and weariness in his face gave place to one of peace.

The other occupants of the building crowded the stairs and landings and pressed into the little room.

The blaze of a tallow candle gave a feeble light, but the poor room seemed illumined by the beauty of the singer, as she stood in her snowy silk and laces, with jewels flashing in her hair and on her neck and arms.

The words of the song that thrills the heart of king and peasant, that shall be sung as long as homes exist, were scarcely ended ere the sufferer became unconscious—an unconsciousness from which he never awakened.

And the story is repeated again and again to every newcomer in the neighborhood, of the beautiful singer who sang to old Daddy Means. And the most of them echo the belief of one poor Irish woman, that said:

"It wasn't no earthly singer, at all, at all, but an angel jist and shure. Why not? He was a dacint body and rale kind to the neighbors, wid a shmile 'nd a soft shpoken worrud to the childers."

* * * * *

The wearied audience, who had given scant attention to the luckless virtuoso, who was trying to fill the time until the favorite singer should come, roused from its languor when she appeared and greeted her with more than ordinary applause.

She seemed a little weary at first, as though she had lived through a great strain. But she grew more enthusiastic, and moved her audience as even *she* had never done before.

As her last song she sang once more the ballad the homesick exile wrote, that she had sung earlier in the evening. Sang it with clasped hands and tearful eyes—and before her vision the brilliant audience and gay theatre faded and she saw a miserable attic, a dying man, and a crowd of poor, forlorn people.

When she had finished, as if moved by a common impulse, all in that vast assemblage rose to their feet.

Jewels and costly flowers were showered upon her.

"Encore! Encore!" rang all over the house.

She sang it again, the simple song!

The pianist, with quick intuition of her mood, scarcely touched the ivory keys, the orchestration was soft and low, and the sweet voice, all the sweeter for the little break in the last refrain, filled the hall—

"Sweet, sweet home,
Home, Sweet Home."

The last sweet note died away and again the thundering plaudits filled the air. But she could do no more; her heart ached for the sorrows of the world.

With well-bred acquiescence her listeners passed out saying to one another softly, for the spell of her voice was still upon them:

"She never sang so before."

A little ragged boy who, with Benjamin Franklin, had occupied a prominent place, was very sure that *no one* had ever sung so before.

* * * * *

Some weeks after, in a wretched quarter of the great city, a little boy in new uniform resplendent in glittering epaulets and gold lace, bearing a sword with "Excalibur" engraved on the hilt, and a little dog in shining new collar, recruited another company which so far exceeded the first that the mutinous officers were glad to be enrolled as privates. Indeed, it has become so popular that there is talk of its becoming a brigade. In which event Benjamin Franklin will surely be one of the general's aides-de-camp.





A STORY FOR CHILDREN FROM THE ITALIAN.

THERE was, once upon a time, a King of a country called Verdecolle, who had three daughters, each one more lovely than the other. The three sons of the neighboring King of Velprato fell very much in love with these beauties, but just as the weddings were going to come off, the three Princes fell under the power of a wicked Fairy, who turned them all into different animals, and the father of the Princesses very naturally refused in consequence to let his daughters marry them.

Thereupon the eldest Prince, who had been changed into an Eagle with magic power, summoned all the birds of the air to his aid. They came in swarms—sparrows, larks, thrushes, starlings, and every other bird you can think of; and the Eagle commanded them to devastate the whole country, not leaving a leaf or blossom on any tree.

The second Prince who had been changed into a Stag, called the goats,

rabbits, hares, pigs, and all the other four-footed beasts, and ordered them to lay waste all the fields and ploughed land, and not to leave a single root or blade of grass.

The third Prince, who had been changed into a Dolphin, assembled all the monsters of the deep, and raised such a storm on the coasts of the country, that all the ships and trading vessels were lost and shattered to pieces.

When the King saw that the only way to put an end to these troubles and disasters was to give the three Beasts his daughters in marriage, he gave in at last, though with much foreboding and many tears.

When the Eagle, the Stag, and the Dolphin arrived to carry their brides off, their mother gave each of the Princesses a ring, saying as she did so: "My dear daughters, keep these rings carefully and always wear them, for if you separate and do not meet again for many years,

or if at any time you come across any one of your own blood, you will always recognize each other by these talismans."

So they took their departure and set out on their different ways. The Eagle carried Fabiella, who was the eldest sister, off to a lofty mountain above the clouds, where it never rained, but the sun shone perpetually, and here he gave her a magnificent palace, and treated her like a queen.



FABIELLA OPENED THE CUPBOARD.

The Stag bore Vasta, the second sister, away with him, right into the heart of a dark wood, and here he lived with her in the most beautiful house and garden you can imagine.

The Dolphin swam with Rita, who was the youngest sister, on his back, right

across the sea, till he came to a huge rock, and on the rock stood a house in which three crowned kings might have lived in comfort and luxury.

In the meantime the Queen gave birth to a beautiful little boy, whom she called Tittone. When he was fifteen years old he determined to set out into the world and seek tidings of his three sisters, for his mother did nothing but bewail their loss, and the unhappy fate which had given them three Beasts for their husbands. At first his father and mother could not be prevailed on to let him go, but at length they yielded to his entreaties, and having provided him with a suitable escort and with a ring the same as his sisters, they took a tender farewell of him. So the young Prince set forth on his travels, and wandered for many years through all the different countries of the world without ever coming on a trace of the three Princesses. At last one day he came to the mountain where Fabiella and the Eagle lived, and when he saw their palace Tittone stood still, lost in admiration of its marble pillars and alabaster walls, its windows of crystal and roof of glittering gold.

As soon as Fabiella saw him she called him to her and asked him who he was, where he came from, and what business had led him thither. When the Prince had described his native land, his father and his mother, and answered all the Princess's questions, Fabiella recognized him as her brother, and she became quite certain of the fact when she compared his ring with the one she always wore. She embraced her brother tenderly; but, fearful lest her husband should object to his arrival, she hid him in a cupboard.

When the Eagle came home that evening Fabiella confided to him that she was very home-sick, and that she had been suddenly seized with a strong desire to see her own people once more. The Eagle answered: "Try and get over this wish, my dear wife, for it cannot be fulfilled till I become a man again."

"Well, then," said Fabiella, "if it is impossible for me to go to them, let us invite one of my relations to come and visit us here."

"With all my heart," replied the Eagle, "but I don't think anyone would take the trouble to come such a long way to see you."

"But suppose someone had come, and was in the palace at this moment, would you object?" asked his wife.

"Of course not," answered the Eagle. "Any relation of yours would be as dear to me as the apple of my eye."

When Fabiella heard these words she took heart, and, going to the cupboard, she opened it, and showed the Eagle her brother hidden there.

The Eagle greeted him warmly, and said: "You are most welcome, and it is a great pleasure to me to make your acquaintance. I hope you will consider yourself quite at home in my palace, and ask for anything you want." And he gave orders that everything was to be done for the comfort and entertainment of his brother-in-law.

But after Tittone had stayed on the mountain for a fortnight, he remembered that he had still to find his other two sisters. He therefore asked his sister and her husband for permission to depart from their hospitable roof; but before bidding him farewell, the Eagle gave him one of his feathers, saying as he did so: "Take this feather, dear Tittone, and treasure it carefully, for it will be of great use to you some day. If any misfortune should overtake you, throw it on the ground and call out 'Help, help!' and I will come to you."

Tittone took the feather and put it carefully away in his purse; then he took a tender leave of his sister and the Eagle, thanking them a thousand times for their goodness and hospitality to him.

After a long and weary journey he came at length to the wood where the Stag lived with Vasta; and as he was nearly starving with hunger he went

into the garden and began to eat the fruit he found there. His sister soon noticed him and recognized him, in the same way that Fabiella had done. She hastened to introduce him to her husband, who received him in the most friendly manner, and entertained him sumptuously.

After spending a fortnight with Vasta and her husband, Tittone determined to



HIS SISTER SOON NOTICED HIM.

set out and look for his third sister; but before his departure the Stag gave him one of his hairs with the same words that the Eagle had spoken when he gave him one of his feathers to guard carefully.

So Tittone departed on his way, and with the money the Eagle and Stag had given him he wandered to the uttermost parts of the world, where the sea at last put an end to his travels by land, and he was obliged to take ship and search

through the islands for his third sister. At length, after many days, he came to the rock where Rita lived with the Dolphin. Hardly had he stepped on land when his sister perceived him, and recognized him at once, as the others had done. His brother-in-law gave him a warm welcome, and when, after a short time, Tittone expressed his desire to return home once more to his father and mother, the Dolphin gave him one of his scales with the same words that the Eagle and Stag had spoken when they gave him the feather

windows of which sat a lovely maiden, with a terrible-looking Dragon asleep at her feet. As soon as she perceived the Prince she called out in a pitiful voice:

"Oh! beautiful youth, Heaven has sent you to rescue me from my sad fate; I implore you to free me from the clutches of this horrible monster, who has carried me away from my father, the King of Merovalle, and has shut me up in this gloomy tower, where I am nearly dead with loneliness and terror."

"Woe is me," answered the Prince,

"but what can I do to help you, lovely maiden, for what mortal could ever cross that lake? and who could face this terrible Dragon, who spreads terror and desolation wherever he goes? But wait a little, perhasp I may be able to summon other help to your aid." And with these words he threw the feather, the hair, and the scale, which his three brothers-in-law had given him, on the ground, calling out at the same time: "Help! help! help!"

In a moment the Eagle, the Stag, and the Dolphin appeared before him, and cried in one voice: "Here we are. What are your commands?"

Tittone, who was overjoyed at their appearance, exclaimed: "I desire that this poor Princess should be freed from the clutches of that Dragon, and that I should carry her home

with me as my bride."

"Very well," answered the Eagle, "all shall be done as you desire;" and turning to the Stag he said, "let us lose no time, but let us strike while the iron is hot!"

With these words the Eagle gave a shrill cry, and in one moment the air was black with a flight of vultures, who flew into the window of the tower, and seizing the beautiful Princess, they bore her over to the spot where the Prince



THE DRAGON FLYING OUT OF THE WINDOW.

and hair. So the young Prince took ship again, and when he reached the land he mounted a horse and rode on his way.

But he had hardly ridden a mile from the coast when he came to a gloomy wood overgrown with thick brushwood and rank weeds. The Prince forced his way through it as best he could, and at last reached a lake with a high stone tower in the middle of it, at one of the

and his brothers-in-law stood. And if the maiden looked as fair as the moon in the distance, when you saw her near she was as beautiful and radiant as the sun.

But while Tittone was embracing her, and saying all manner of pretty things to his fair bride, the Dragon awoke, and flying out of the window he set upon Tittone, intending to kill him on the spot. But in a second the Stag caused a quantity of lions, tigers, panthers, bears and wild cats to appear, who sprang upon the Dragon and tore him to pieces with their claws.

When Tittone and the Princess saw that their enemy was dead for ever, they

once more to assume our human forms. At our births, a wicked fairy, who owed our mother a grudge, condemned us, when we grew up, to go about the world in the shape of three beasts until we should have rescued a king's daughter from some great danger; the longed-for moment has come at last, and already we feel new life in our breasts and fresh blood flowing through our veins." And even as they were speaking, they turned into three beautiful young men, who, each in turn, embraced their brother-in-law, and made low bows to the Princess, who was nearly beside herself with joy and amazement.

Then Tittone spoke with a sigh: "Ah!



A CHARIOT DRAWN BY FOUR LIONS.

determined to leave the place as soon as possible; but before they started the Dolphin said:

"I too would like to do something for you." And in order that no trace should remain of the grim castle where the Princess had spent such unhappy hours, he caused the waters of the lake to overflow, and to beat so violently against the tower that it fell, and the ruins disappeared in the waves.

Tittone thanked his brothers-in-law warmly for having thus rescued his beautiful bride; but the Beasts replied: "Our thanks are rather due to the Princess, because it is through her that we are able

why can my poor father and mother not share this joy with us? What would they not give to see three such charming and beautiful sons-in-law?"

"We will go to them at once," answered the three Princes; "but first we must go and fetch our wives, so let us lose no time in setting forth on our journey."

But as they could not go on foot, and as they had no means of conveyance, except Tittone's one old horse, the brothers commanded a chariot to appear drawn by four lions, in which they all five seated themselves. They travelled all through the night, and with such speed that they

came next day to the various places where the wives of the three beast-brothers were waiting for them.

After much rejoicing and embracing the whole eight of them continued their journey to the Kingdom of Verdecolle, where the King and Queen received their long-lost children—with what joy you can imagine! which was only increased when they perceived their sons-in-law in their human shape, and the beautiful bride Tittone had brought back with him. They sent at once to tell the Kings of Velprato and Merovalle of the good fortune that had befallen their children, and invited them to a feast, the like of which for splendor and magnificence had never been seen before, and all the woes and troubles of the past were forgotten in the rejoicing and merrymaking of the present.

JACK'S MOTHER.

BY GEO. W. SHIPMAN.

IT was at the afternoon recess, in the midst of an exciting game of goal, that the boys were suddenly interrupted by the violent ringing of the school bell.

"Som'thin's up," said Jack Arnold, a round-faced sturdy lad; "you can bet old Thumpkins is hot, by the ring of that bell."

Thumpkins was the school-master John Ready, who had gained this peculiar title among the boys, and they were careful not to let him hear it, from the habit he had of thumping them on the head, somewhat as the market man tests melons.

They hastily gathered in the school-room and were confronted by the master. "Boys!" and his voice trembled with passion, while he pointed his long slim finger at the window, where a shattered pane marked the passage of a snow-ball that lay melting on the floor: "I want to know who threw that?"

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the loud ticking of the clock that hung on the wall above the blackboard, while the boys gazed with astonishment at the broken window.

The teacher quickly scanned their faces to detect, if possible, the guilty one.

Experience had taught him that whoever it was, they would have no interest in looking at the object of their folly the second time, and he felt sure he was right when he caught sight of the down-cast eyes and flushed face of Jimmie McCann.

"Jim!" and the tone in which it was spoken, seemed to transfix the little fellow, "you can stand where you are; the rest may take their seats."

When quiet was restored, Ready turned to the lad. "McCann," said he, with frosty sarcasm, "what excuse have you to offer for breaking the window?"

The flush died out of the boy's cheek, and as he stood pale and trembling before his accuser, he replied with hesitation, "I-I-did not do it;" then hastily, as if to stay the torrent of wrath which he momentarily expected, "Sure, master, I did not throw it!"

"Hold out your hand," said Ready, sternly, "I'll teach you to break windows and then lie about it; it's time this maliciousness was taken out of you," and grasping the fingers of the little up-turned hand he struck it a sharp blow across the palm.

A slight shudder was the only sign the boy gave of the inflicted pain.

Not a murmur for the agony he endured escaped his lips, but from the closed eyes the big tears ran down his pallid face.

The boy's silence seemed to anger the master, and blows fell fast and hard upon the bruised flesh until outraged nature could endure no more, and he fell fainting to the floor.

Hardly had he fallen when kind-hearted Jack Arnold came quickly to his side, and taking him up in his strong arms tenderly, bore him out into the open air.

"The brute," he muttered to himself, as he laid the lad on the ground, and dashed a handful of snow in his face to revive him, "to punish such a little friendless child like that for a three cent light o' glass."

Jack's treatment soon brought him around, and when he saw the smiling face of his friend and heard him saying, "That's right, Jimmie, you are all right now," he began to sob piteously, and replied: "O! I never done it, Jack; sure I never did; and I've no mother nor no where to go."

"Never mind," said Jack; "I have a good mother, and she will be yours, too; so cheer up now and I'll take you home with me. Sit down here on the steps while I go and get our caps," and turning he entered the school-house.

Just as Arnold entered the school-room the master was in the act of dismissing the school, and there was a general rush among the scholars to get out and see how it was with Jim.

The master, after Jack had removed the object of his wrath, began to realize that he had, perhaps, gone too far with his punishment.

Now that his anger had expended itself, he was ashamed to think he had allowed it to master him.

His moral preception was keenly alive to the fact that it was his duty to hold himself within strict rules of propriety and good judgment before his school.

To set them an example worthy of emulation, the present instance should have been one of triumph; instead, it was a miserable failure.

The excited faces of the scholars showed that their sympathy was with the boy, and in their present condition it was useless to continue the session, and so he dismissed them for that day.

Jack only stopped long enough to get the caps, and then returned to where he had left his charge, whom he found surrounded by sympathizing playmates, and drawing his mitten tenderly over the swoolen hand, he took Jim by the other and started down the road. After they had gone some distance, Jim complained of faintness, and begged Jack to let him lay down on the snow.

"That won't do," said Jack; "you would catch your death o' cold. You jest git on my back, and I'll tote you home in no time," and kneeling down in the snow so that Jim could put his arms around his neck, he took the little

fellow upon his back and trudged sturdily homeward.

Jack's mother saw them coming up the lane, and ran to the door to meet them. "Why Jack! what is the matter?" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of the pale face that was partially hidden behind Jack's curly head. "Nothin' much, mother, only Jimmie aint feelin' well, so I brought him home with me," he said, as he mounted the steps and let him down.

Mrs. Arnold led him into the warm room, and seating herself in a low rocker by the fire, took him upon her lap and asked him kindly to tell her the nature of his sickness.

The low soft voice and motherly solicitude was so entirely different from anything the lad had ever known that his heart alone responded to a sympathy that was like manna to his starved affection, while his lips could only voice the sobs that convulsively shook him.

"I'll tell you what is the matter," said Jack, with tears in his eyes, "that brute of a Ready whaled him till he couldn't stand, and Jimmie hadn't done a thing."

"My son," said his mother, "what are you talking about? Surely there must be some mistake here."

"That aint no mistake about it," he replied, hotly; "some one threw a snowball through the window and Ready laid it to Jim. You can see for yourself what he's done," and he drew the mitten from the bruised and swollen hand.

The tears filled her eyes when she saw it, and drawing the sobbing child to her bosom, she mentally resolved thereafter to be a mother to the friendless orphan.

Laying him on the lounge, she took some healing ointment, and with a soft cloth for a bandage dressed the wounded hand.

Then she prepared some dainty bit for his supper; but he scarcely tasted it.

He had not been well for several days, and the anger and injustice of the master, followed by the motherly kindness of Mrs. Arnold and the fellowship of Jack, had so unnerved him that his malady culminated in a low fever.

Nothing can equal a woman's devo-

tion when once her sympathies are aroused, and Mrs. Arnold was no exception to the rule.

She felt that a great injustice had been done to the motherless boy; and as she sat by the bedside of the little sufferer she noted the shrunken features with pity, and recalled all she had known of the child's history.

His father and mother had both died soon after he was born, and the little property they had was consumed by the expenses attendant on their sickness and death, so that the child was left a charge upon the town.

The recipient of a stinted charity, he drifted about with no settled abiding place, and none to care what became of him.

She saw the need of a broader charity, that should be as far-reaching as a national government that extends its protection over every law-abiding citizen within its borders, a charity in which all of God's creatures should be recognized as entitled to respect and protection from their superiors whatever their position in life, and that should improve every opportunity for good.

One night some haunting dream seemed to disturb the child, and he moaned feebly in his sleep.

Then the moan took the form of speech, and he was pleading with his imaginary tormentor.

"Don't, Dave! don't throw it—don't—you'll break the—window, and—" then his voice died away in a low sigh leaving the sentence unfinished.

Mrs. Arnold had caught enough to give her a key to the problem.

She had never been able to draw him out on the subject of the broken window, and therefore felt sure that he was shielding someone, although she could not understand his motive for doing so.

"Jack," she asked the next morning as he came down to breakfast; "what boy comes to school that is called Dave?" "Dave!" he replied, with a questionable look; "no one now; Dave Bowen did, but he had a fuss with the teacher, and was expelled. Why did you want to know, mother?" "No matter now; you will be late if you

don't hurry. To-morrow is Saturday, so there will be no school. Please say to Mr. Ready that I should like him to call here in the afternoon, if convenient.

The following morning Jim was able to be dressed and come down stairs.

Laying back in the great easy chair that was drawn up in front of a blazing wood-fire, he felt like one in a dream, momentarily expecting it to fade away and leave him in his old surroundings.

Noticing his thoughtful mood, Mrs. Arnold leaned over the back of his chair and tenderly smoothing his hair, said to him: "What is it that troubles my boy?" "O! Mrs. Arnold, is it wicked for me to wish I *was* your boy?" he asked, eagerly; "because I should have a mother then, and some one to care for me." "You shall be my son," she replied, with feeling; "and call me mother, only there must be perfect confidence between us," and she leaned over and kissed his white forehead.

Oh! can I grow to be anything but a pauper 'kid?' he asked, in a mournful tone. "Yes," she answered, "this is to be your home now, and I believe you will grow up to be a good and useful man." Then with a little encouragement she led him to tell her about the broken window.

It appeared that at some time previous to that incident, Jim had been set upon by some boys who pushed him into a pond and then splashed the water over him until he was nearly drowned, when Dave Bowen happening that way, saw what they were doing, and driving them away extricated Jim from his perilous position. This act of kindness won the lasting friendship of the boy, which, but for Jack and his mother, might have resulted disastrously.

Dave's lawless disposition got him into trouble with his teacher who punished him, and on his continuing refractory expelled him from school.

Revenge for his fancied wrongs prompted Dave to seek an opportunity to "get even" with the master.

Just across the road from the school-house a large pine at some time had been overturned, and its spreading roots still retained the earth that clung to them

in its upheaval, making a large fan-like screen.

Behind this, on the day in question, Dave had secreted himself to await his opportunity.

It came with the afternoon recess when he saw the master standing in front of the blackboard busy with a problem. The light from an opposite window showed his figure in profile to Dave, who stepped to one side of the old root just sufficiently to enable him to aim the hard snowball with such unerring exactness that it not only shattered the window pane, but struck the master square on the side of his face.

No one had seen Dave except little Jim, who caught sight of him just as he threw the ball.

The whole proceeding from the breaking of the window to the accusation in the school-room was so sudden that it covered Jim with confusion, from which he saw no way to extricate himself without betraying his friend, and he chose to suffer punishment rather than do that.

When Jim had finished his story, Mrs. Arnold told him she had invited Mr. Ready to call that afternoon, and added he must be told the whole truth.

The boy begged her not to tell him, but after she had explained the necessity of his returning to school, and that there must be no hindrance to his progress, he consented.

So when Ready called she explained the whole matter to him in a few well-chosen words, and mentioned the interest she had taken in the boy.

The young man was somewhat surprised, but endeavored to excuse himself with the idea that the boy needed discipline.

"Mr. Ready," and she looked him steadily in the face, "I have no doubt you felt yourself justified at the time, but a sober second thought should convince you that such punishment is not for man to inflict. It is brutal and degrading. It scars the soul so that years will not suffice for its atonement. I hope and trust I may never hear the like again."

Her earnest words touched him, and he saw the error into which he had fallen. His better manhood asserted itself. He

arose, and taking her hand, said with feeling:

"Mrs. Arnold, you never shall from me. I am grateful for the kindness you have shown and the wholesome lesson you have taught me. My older experience and better judgment should have controlled my anger and prompted me to have given the lad a chance. I cannot make sufficient amends for the wrong I have done, and now, if I may, I should like to see him."

She opened the door to the sitting-room and he entered.

What passed between him and the boy was known only to themselves, but when the latter had sufficiently recovered he returned to school, and he and the master became fast friends. Encouraged by his foster-mother, and aided by the teacher, he progressed rapidly with his studies, and no boy was happier or better liked than Jimmie McCann.

He grew to manhood and lived to fulfill all that his kind protector had predicted of him.

He often looked back to the day of his unjust punishment with a grateful feeling, since it gained for him a happy home and the lasting friendship of "Jack's Mother."

MY BLUE BIRDS.

BY FRANCES ROSENTHALL.

FROM where I sit writing I look through a window and see an old apple-tree, which for several summers has been slowly dying, and is not yet wholly dead. This summer has brought a few sickly leaves to a single limb, and all else is leafless, dark and gnarled.

Some previous year the woodpecker had possession of the tree, and left behind them a deep, neatly-cut hole in which, this summer, two dear little blue birds made their nest.

One day during the absence of the birds a saucy blue jay, that was prowling around, peeped in, and with the wicked and knowing look peculiar to his tribe, began feasting on the eggs. Just then the female bird returned, and with all

her little strength fought the marauder. But the sweet little bird that "carries the sky on its back and the earth on its breast," and whose soft rippling note seems to utter the word "p-u-r-i-t-y," was no match for the jay. After trying vainly for some time to drive him away, she went in search of her mate, and the naughty jay went on with his feast. Though evidently in quite a glee, he still had the air of a sneak-thief, and as I watched him I wondered, as I had often wondered before, how this saucy, shrill-voiced, cruelly cunning bird ever came by his beautiful blue feathers.

Soon the blue bird returned with her mate, and between them they gave the thief such fierce battle that, though uttering a note of defiance, he flew away.

It was pitiful then to see the birds in their consultation of grief. They would look in at their broken, destroyed treasures, and chatter softly, and look again and chatter again, seeming to say, "It was such a beautiful home, so safe from storms, so near to many worms and much fruit; the nest so soft, so sweet; the eggs, the pretty eggs. Oh, the wicked bird! wicked bird! It is too bad! too bad!"

The jay came back and flew 'round them, seeming, as he uttered his harsh, taunting notes, to rejoice in his evil deed.

This was too much for the blue birds. They flew at him angrily and gave him so severe a drubbing that he seemed quite willing to let them alone for the future.

All day the birds hovered about their despoiled nest and talked softly and sadly to each other. The next morning, clearing out the broken shells, they began their summer's work over again. Perhaps they were more watchful for sly foes than heretofore, for their second adventure was a success. Three beautiful young birds have now flown from the deep, cosy nest, and somewhere, I hope, under sweet summer skies. I hope that they too will sing the note so, in harmony with their beautiful, innocent lives "purity—purity."

THE OLD GARRETT.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

A CHARMING old place was that
great dusty attic,
With its dim nooks enlivened
with spider and mouse,
The store-room of rubbish, the joy of
the children,
That precious old garret in Grand-
mother's house!
There were chairs lame and backless, and
books minus covers,
A tiny tin foot-stove, a great spinning
wheel,
And another much smaller that went by
a treadle,
A pair of wool cards and a queer little
reel.

There were the bunches of odorous herbs
on the rafters,
"Much better than drug-stuffs," grand-
mother would say;
And we daintily tasted of mint, and of
catnip,
As we spent in the garret some long
rainy day;—
Going up the steep stairs with our clatter
and laughter
While Grandmother's chiding up after
us steals:
"Now children, be sure and not get into
mischief,
And whatever you do, pray, don't
trouble the wheels!"

But how could we help it, when there
they were standing
Just longing for some one to give
them a twirl!
So out of sheer pity we patted them
lightly,
And sent them a-swing in the old
dizzywhirl.
Then there was a cradle, the quaintest of
cradles,
With a roof o'er the head and with
red painted sides;
How many dear babies had slept in its
shelter,
And cooed as they went on their
lullaby rides.



AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are never so happy as when thoroughly employed. Idle children are cross, naughty, disobedient, and mischievous, simply because they must be doing something, and have no one to help them to interest and amuse themselves.

A good way of amusing children of ten or over is to draw a plan of some great battle, getting them to put pieces of putty for landmarks, a scrap of red being used for one army, blue or another color for the other. The story, as told by an elder person, simply and interestingly, is eagerly worked out by the child, who does not consider this as a lesson. Boys, especially, delight in anything military, and a species of musical drill on a wet day is useful in keeping active children happily amused. In every house; there are various odd scraps of velvet, silk, satin, cloth, etc., not likely to be of much use except for patchwork. If, when there is a long day indoors owing to rain or cold, mamma would look out some of these scraps for her little girls to do what they liked with, it would give them much pleasure. Children are particularly fond of color, and the sorting over the various pieces will please and interest them greatly, while they grow animated over the vital question of the wonderful costumes to be devised by little brains and deft fingers for their different dolls. In the choice of a doll's dress a little girl is unconsciously learning how to choose later for herself, and the tiny garments, which, if shown how to make properly by a kind elder sister, mother, or nurse, are a source of the

greatest pleasure and pride to the small worker, are models for the embryo housewife of the future. Possibly, the best and truest education is that of play with a purpose.

A pretty child's book of good, large type, with a number of colored illustrations, in which the subjects are simple and plainly portrayed, will amuse and be understood by children. They like better, however, to have a story told them than to hear one read, if the narrator knows how to tell a story well; but they will not listen to anyone who cannot command their attention and interest. Instead of scolding children repeatedly for little failings, more effectual good might be done by indirectly referring to known delinquencies in a tale which would drive home to the little listener's heart.

Carpentering, especially for boys, is an excellent amusement, and they might be allowed to try and make various little things for the house. Drawing slates, books, and mottoes are useful, and most children delight in painting pictures. The great thing to be considered is to provide a variety of suitable and amusing occupations, and not to allow a child to enjoy any one for too great a length of time, or it will sicken of it. A child's power of concentration is not large, and should not be too much taxed. If parents interested themselves in their children's amusements, and realized the importance of the, as they think, trivial doll's house, doll, miniature garden, and other things, the question of how to amuse children would find an answer in the training in play of the future landholder, householder, father, husband and public citizen; the mother, wife and teacher.

A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

A HOSPITABLE woman, resident in a large manufacturing city, recently lost, by a bank failure, the greater portion of her means. The loss of the few thousand dollars so carefully saved entailed upon Mrs. Carson a necessity for living closer—more economically.

A friend suggested, "You may economize by entertaining less company."

"No; I shall not economize in that way," returned the little woman. "I shall not close my house, deny myself and family social pleasures and pleasant companionship now that I have lost money. If we are to bear heavy burdens and must be stinted in means, we shall need an extra supply of home cheer to enable us to learn to do without things cheerfully."

When I was a wee maid in company with my mother I lunched with Mrs. Dalton, a Southern woman past middle age. She lived in two tiny attic rooms which were barely furnished but kept in beautiful order. Her smile, tender and sweet, lighted beautifully the sharp worn face.

She served lunch, tea in pink and gold decorated cups and feather-light griddle cakes liberally buttered. There was no jam, no cake, the spotless linen was ornate with darns.

When we had gone from the attic I said to mother:

"I hope I shall grow up into a woman lovely to my guests. Mrs. Dalton's lunches are fairy feasts."

In after years I visited the attic home frequently. Once she served with grace and charming dignity a wedge of hot corn bread accompanied by a glass of water. She gave me of her best and offered no excuses for the meagre fare she served.

The cheerful and widely loved woman in her poverty and old age kept in touch with friends of all ages.

It is possible I may serve future guests with light rolls and inexpensive marmalade. Perhaps a number of them will remember that I once served cake, dainty creams, luscious fruits. They will understand my changed circumstances govern my choice of refreshments. I like peo-

ple, companionship. Even the hard times do not demand a reform and economy in dispensing hospitality, the genuine, homey, warm, cheerful hospitality which prompts the entertainer to offer a guest the best entertainment the house affords. A brave, gracious woman will not blush to serve an honored guest hot corn bread and water. Her cupboard may be bare, her gown worn almost to shabbiness, and yet people will enjoy visiting the woman who is so "lovely to her guests."

USEFUL HINTS.

A bit of charcoal put in the pot when boiling cabbage will destroy all odor.

Always cut hot bread or cake with a warm knife. It is also a good plan to heat the plate on which you turn your cake, to prevent its sticking.

A little camphor put around the edge of carpets will keep moths away, and is good to ward off fleas, and should always be kept in the house, as well as worn about the person, when in tropical countries.

To thicken the hair rub a little vaseline well into the scalp every night and brush thoroughly.

Keep a dish of oatmeal on your toilet stand. A little rubbed on the hands once or twice a day will soften and whiten them.

Pineapple juice is said to be a good remedy for diphtheria, and a tiny bit of alum dissolved in the mouth and swallowed will often check sore throat if used at once. A gargle of salt and water is also good.

CHOCOLATE TARTS.—Yolks of two and white of one egg, two tablespoonfuls Baker's chocolate, half teaspoonful cornstarch dissolved in a little water, a half cup milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla, half a teaspoonful butter, a little salt and cinnamon; stir the chocolate smooth in the milk, bring to a boil, add cornstarch, when thick pour into a bowl; beat eggs and sugar together, and when chocolate is almost cold, stir in with the flavoring and beat

till light. Bake in open shells; when done, cover with a meringue made of the white of egg and one tablespoonful sugar; or, bake like cream puffs.

CORNSTARCH CAKE.—Two cups sugar, whites of three eggs, one cup milk, half cup butter, two cups flour, one cup cornstarch; flavor with lemon or almond.

TOO TRUTHFUL.

BY IDA KAYS.

You think such a thing cannot be? Well, I used to think so, too; and I'll tell you what changed my mind.

Shortly after removing to a distant state, my father, who was a minister, informed me that there was among his parishoners, a girl that like George Washington had never told a lie. He suggested that she would be a valuable acquisition to my rather limited visiting list, and accordingly I cultivated the acquaintance of this prodigy as chance presented.

She proved a very intelligent young lady, not differing from others except in a lack of vivacity, and the gayety usually expected from one of her age. She seemed to see only the sober side of life, and I first noticed her peculiarity, when together, we returned a formal call.

"Will you attend college next term, Miss T?" asked our hostess.

"Yes; mamma said yesterday—no, day before yesterday, that I should go," replied my friend.

"That will be nice, I'm sure," and the lady began to tell us of her enjoyment of college days; but my friend broke in with, "yes; it was yesterday, mamma said I should go, because—" Here followed an incident to prove the asserted date.

Our hostess looked much surprised at the interruption; but I understood that this little awkwardness was but the fruit of my friend's peculiarity.

Don't understand that I think truth-telling a rare virtue, or a peculiarity; but one who adheres so strictly to the truth as did my friend, will find himself in many peculiar circumstances.

Few would commit the above-mentioned breach of etiquette for the sake of telling the exact truth about a matter of no importance whatever; yet some might not condemn it. But how about the following?

"Have I improved in music since taking my last term of lessons?" asks a young girl.

"No; I can't see that you have," replies Miss Truthful.

"How do you like my new gown?" queries another.

"The cloth is very pretty; but it isn't at all becoming to you," is the truthful reply.

"Will you come to my birthday party next week?" asks the blacksmith's quiet little daughter.

"No; I think not. Mamma doesn't want me to go to your house," Miss T. replies.

"Why not?" is the surprised query.

"Because your father drinks!" is the crushing answer.

Now Miss T. has seemingly no wish to hurt any one's feelings; but how else could she tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

Our acquaintance had not progressed far until I concluded that a pleasant, harmless bit of prevarication—yes, I said it—is preferable to such a strict adherence to the truth at all times and places.

One more incident and I think my meaning will be clear.

Miss T. was my guest, and the young people of the neighborhood were enjoying a Sabbath afternoon buggy ride, my brother being her escort. All finally met at a favorite stopping place to enjoy some music. They were the last to arrive, and some half-dozen of us were chatting on indifferent topics after having partaken of some luscious melons. Many guests had preceded us, and the lady of the house looked fatigued.

As she had been sick recently I inquired after her health.

"I'm quite well," she said, "but oh! I'm so tired. Just think," she added in a burst of confidence, "I've made nineteen trips to that cellar for melons to-day. Do you wonder that I'm tired?"

Then her face flushed in embarrass-

ment and she exclaimed, "Excuse me, Miss T., you and Mr. B. have not had melons. How thoughtless of me!"

"We wouldn't care for any, thank you," my brother hastened to protest, to the lady's evident relief; yet she added, "Wouldn't you like some, Miss T.?"

"Why, yes, I should," was the truthful reply. And our amiable hostess made her twentieth journey for the required article. My brother enjoyed the melon as much as his companion did, but he would gladly have foregone the treat rather than inconvenience anyone. Not so with Miss T., and I concluded her truth-telling was synonymous with selfishness, and often but a thin disguise for malice and ill will.

"Silence is golden," and while I would not, could not, tell a lie, many times, where nothing is at stake, the truth is best untold.

VILLAGE LIFE.

BY L. H. PHELPS.

Oh, ye denizens of cities, did you ever appreciate the delights of living in a village? Does your health fail, and do you long to rear your children in pure, country air and yet give them the best educational advantages possible? By all means emigrate to a village. Select one known to you by reputation and representation as being a few degrees nearer perfection than any other on earth. There is a good opening in your special line of business; your services are needed, and you are urged and encouraged, hence you go; and now begin the "delights."

For the first year things may do very well; then your habitation is sold, and you look about you for another; you have your choice of a few old hovels, rent ranging from three to seven dollars per month, according to the outward appearance of the whited sepulchre. Here, maybe, is a well, such as it is; but is there no cistern? Oh, no, we can't afford a reservoir for holding a few barrels of heaven-sent rain-water, not for that money. Any wood shed, however poor and old? Oh, no, what is it to the landlord if you dig your wood out of a snow

bank three feet deep, or it is soaked for a week, day and night, by the precious wasted rain.

You move into one fairly respectable looking on the outside, you pay five dollars in advance to be sheltered from the elements, which you are not, and you may either set your boiler in an inner doorway (an actual fact) or you may let your carpet be soaked, in any case your newly whitened walls will be rain soaked and discolored; but surely the land lord isn't particular about punctuality in paying the rent for such a shelter? Don't beguile yourself with any such belief; when rent day comes he stands outside waiting till you bring the amount, even though you fall through the rotten old door-step in doing so (another actual occurrence), and if you beg in a meek sort of way, more as though you were stealing than asking for justice for a few repairs, you are told "There it is, take it or leave it, just as you please." Why don't you buy a lot and build a house of your own?

Looking about you, you find one after a time and you proceed to interview the owner. Yes, he has two lots that he would dispose of but he doesn't wish to sell one without the other; you ponder and study and think you see your way clear when a new difficulty arises: "we can't sell you this property unless you agree to build a palace or a castle on it; no little cottage or mean structure must mar our view," and so you see mortgage and debt and interest staring you in the face the rest of your natural life. Then you institute another search; it ends the same; the land owners say in effect: "We were born in log houses most of us, but we have kept 'tavern,' we have kept saloons, we have sold whiskey, we have made our 'pile,' and now with our farm in the country, our town residence, and our bank account we are eminently respectable, (?) we don't patronize the blind pigs and the holes in the wall, and turn up our nose at the poor sot who does, we prefer to buy our beer and drink it quietly at the 'Keeley Cure' by ourselves." "Oh, wad some power the gift tie gie us, to see oorsels as ithers see us." It matters not that your earnings, a good many hard dollars in the course of

the year, are all spent in the village that you neither visit the county seat nor the State capital for your supplies, though both places are conveniently near, that counts for nothing. But there is a saving grace in the village, a few good women.

When good Saint Peter, at the golden gate, sternly asks: "On what recommendation can you hope to enter here?" they may safely say:

"There was a stranger in our midst, and though poor in this world's goods she was neither naked nor hungry in the sense of wanting clothes and food. She was sick and imprisoned at home with little children, and far from friends and kinsfolk, and if we did not stay her with flagons and comfort her with apples, we visited her; we gave her sympathy and kindness at least, and welcomed her to our midst." Their names might be mentioned, but lest they object to being linked to this scree, forbear. And now, though you know at least two landlords that are jewels, kings among men, nevertheless, oh, ye denizens of cities, if you have been so unwary as to enter the snare of the fowler, arise! Shake the dust of that village from off your feet for ever! Return to your city and stay there! where, if rent is enormous and fuel ditto, you at least get the advantages and conveniences you pay for; where you can occasionally attend a good lecture or fine concert, and, if your taste is that way inclined, you can witness a first-class play and not be obliged to depend for your entertainment on a street fakir hawking patent medicines and a tenth-rate "nigger show."

[The writer of the above has evidently felt the pleasure (?) of village life as sometimes found. There is, however, another side to the question, familiar, we trust, to many of our readers. Who can tell us that other story?—EDITORS.]

MUFFINS.

What is the origin of the dainty muffin? Our delicious little "cake" baked in rings rich with eggs, differs much from the somewhat tough "Water Muffin" of England, which is always split open

and toasted before it is eaten. The definition in the dictionary is that "a muffin is a small loaf of leavened bread," dainty or fancy bread; although we do not call it such. Now, in every corner of the civilized world cakes or flat loaves of some such character are to be met with; therefore, the first origin of the thing itself is hopeless to search for. Given the meal, the water, and the hot iron plate, and you make your cake in numberless ways—by varying the kind of corn, by using or omitting yeast, and by adding any among a multitude of other ingredients. One form of Scotch scone or scone, we are told, is made of oat grains steeped in water till they ferment, then boiled to a paste, and then poured on a griddle to bake. In Holland there is a kind of cake sold at booths in fair time, made of flour and water, fermented for three hours, poured on heated tongs grooved with deep furrows, clasped in tongs, and kept a short time until baked; they come out shaped something like the portcullis of an ancient castle, and are eaten with sugar or honey. Our method of cutting open muffins, toasting and buttering them, is not everywhere orthodox.

Mr. Urquhart, when travelling in Morocco about forty years ago, was surprised to find something very like our familiar muffin, and even the familiar muffin bell.

As to the origin of the name, one theory is that *mou-pain*, soft bread in old French, has become gradually changed to muffin. But Mr. Urquhart would not accept so simple an explanation as this. He went back to very ancient days indeed, and found that Athenæus made mention of the Phœnician *maphula*, a kind of cake baked on a hearth or griddle; from whence come other derivatives, somewhat in this order: *muphula*, *mufula*, *mufun*, *muffin*. Then there were *munphius* and the Hebrew *moph*, both brought into requisition. Moreover, Mr. Urquhart ranged over the whole scope of the ancient world, and of Oriental countries in modern times, in search of cakes that could with any degree of reasonableness be compared with muffins. He met with the *sfen*, the *lackmar*, the *lack-*

maringof, the diebroddapson, the gassi cadaëf, the del cadaëf, the youfka, the kuladj, the khebes, and the neidah; and he discoursed about them all in a manner that would gratify any muffin man of inquiring mind.

The crumpet, as the slim and slender sister of the muffin is called, is always associated with it by the bakers and dealers, though differing somewhat in character, seeing that while muffins are made of dough, crumpets are made of batter. The batter consists of fine flour, yeast, and milk, or (in inferior kinds) water; it is poured into a shallow, circular, heated iron pan of suitable dimensions, and baked. Some authorities opine that crumpet comes from the French *crumpête*, a paste made of fine flour, slightly baked, and that the first syllable, *crum*, may possibly have something to do with the crinkled or crimped appearance of the surface. Indeed, *crum* is nearly the form of an Anglo-Saxon word for crinkled. The Spaniards have crumpets, but call them by a very different name, *boñuelos*.

FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

Nothing needs so much care nor such tender thoughtfulness (I use the expression advisedly) as the preparation of food for the sick-room. The very fact that one invalid can "eat nothing" but beef-tea, another milky dishes only, etc., renders it more imperative than ever to ring as many changes as possible in making and in the dishing up of that which otherwise becomes so monotonous, and even loathsome, to the most exemplary patient. None but those who have had the experience of suffering, and the restrictions imposed, both by the almost total inability to swallow food and by the doctor's orders, can imagine how welcome is the smallest visible effort to tempt the eye and the appetite. Naturally, it is only possible to give general suggestions here for ordinary dieted patients—different diseases and convalescences require specially prescribed articles of food; general necessities would roughly include palatable beef-teas and broths, milk food, and refreshing drinks.

Mutton Broth: Cut up small one pound of lean mutton, put it into a saucepan with one and a half pints of cold water, cover closely, and boil till the meat falls to pieces. Skim and strain; put in one tablespoonful of barley (previously soaked in just enough hot water to thoroughly moisten it); let this simmer for half an hour, stirring frequently; now add the necessary seasoning of salt and pepper, mixed in four tablespoonfuls of milk and a sprinkling of finely chopped parsley; let it simmer fully five minutes after it has become very hot, subsequent to pouring in the milk. Watch carefully, lest it should burn. Chicken broth is made in the same way, with the bones well broken before they are put to boil. A most nourishing jelly is made thus: Pound with a heavy pestle half a raw chicken, bones and all; place it in a pan with enough water to cover it well; cover it up, heat it, and let it simmer until the contents are in shreds and the liquid reduced by quite one-half. Strain and press through a colander and a coarse muslin. Salt it, and put it on the fire to simmer six or seven minutes more. Stand it aside in a basin to cool; skim it. Keep this jelly on ice, and serve it cold, or between very thin slices of white bread and butter, also with unsweetened rusks.—*Calves' Feet Broth*: Boil two calves' feet to rags in three pints of cold water; strain through muslin, season, and keep it in a cold place. Serve this liquor as required, warmed up carefully, stirring in it the while one beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of milk to each cup of broth; let it all boil up once, remove from the fire, and serve quickly with thin, crisp toast. A few drops of lemon juice are a great improvement, if not detrimental to the invalid.—*Milk Gruel*: Moisten two heaping tablespoonfuls of ground rice with cold water, throw it into one quart of boiling milk, and boil it for ten minutes, stirring all the time; season with a pinch of salt, sugar, and nutmeg, to taste. Serve it warm, and with cream (if permissible).—*Arrowroot Blanc Mange*: Moisten two dessertspoonfuls of best arrowroot with water, rub to a smooth paste, and throw it into one cupful of boiling milk; stir steadily, and boil till

it thickens. Serve cold, sweetened and flavored to taste.—*Apple Water*: Pare and quarter a good juicy apple, pippin or otherwise; do not remove the core. Put it into an earthenware saucepan with three cupfuls of cold water; cover closely and boil till the apple is nearly reduced to marmalade. Strain at once through a cloth, squeezing the fruit hard, and a second time through a muslin; sweeten to taste and ice it for drinking. It is very refreshing and can be made in larger quantities. A very good "jelly water" for feverish patients is made by beating up a large teaspoonful of currant (or other) jelly in a large tumbler of iced water. For colds, try this: Steep four tablespoonfuls of whole flax seed in one quart of boiling water, in a covered vessel. After three hours squeeze in the juice of two large lemons, and sweeten to taste; if too thick, add cold water with the lemon. In conclusion, here is a simple, but most strengthening *Milk Punch* for cases of great weakness: Stir two tablespoonfuls of best brandy into a tumbler of milk, sweetened to taste, and serve it cold with ice. These recipes have all been repeatedly tested with success.

"WAITING FOR THE EVENING TRAIN."

BY C. E. B.

THE speaker was the eldest of an impatient crowd of people moving restlessly about the depot, in one of our large cities. His form was bowed by years and hard toil, his brow furrowed, and his hair silvered by the fingers of time. There was that about him which told a close observer of a long life honestly and honorably spent, and a happy and tranquil old age. To a question asked by some one, he replied: "I am waiting for the evening train."

Are we not all waiting for that train? There are the morning trains steaming gaily along, with their load of fresh, youthful faces, those whose future is all before them, and for whom life holds unknown possibilities that cause the heart to throb in glad anticipation and expectancy.

There are the noon trains carrying human freight of earnest, sober men and women, who have quaffed the foam and sparkle from life's brimming chalice, and some of them, alas, have found the bitter dregs beneath. Life is real to them now, and they go speeding on with fixed purpose and steadfast endeavor to reach some longed for station.

There are the evening trains, laden with those who have finished their allotted tasks, gathered the sheaves of hope and promise, or the useless chaff of misspent years, lived over the trials and sorrows that have overtaken them, and now are homeward bound.

And the old man will not have to wait long, for the train is sweeping in on the down grade. The hours wear away, and the shadows are lengthening. He cannot see far on the track beyond, but he knows its terminus is in the eternal city.

God grant that when each one of us steps aboard we may have a through ticket, stamped with the sign of the cross, that our journey may be safe and sure to that great station over yonder, even the New Jerusalem.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.

An African traveller, weary and exhausted, was hospitably received one evening in the kraal of a Hottentot prince. Early next morning he was about to record the events of the previous weeks, when he perceived to his dismay that his ink in his travelling-case was all dried up. With a sigh of disappointment, he again packed up his writing materials, when his eyes fell on a glass standing on a bamboo shelf, which, on closer examination, proved to be a genuine inkstand nearly full to the brim. Delighted at the discovery he sat down and worked away at his diary. Suddenly he was disturbed in his occupation by a young negress, who, springing towards him, snatched the inkstand from the table in passionate haste. Her horrid screams soon attracted the other members of the royal family to the spot; and now the unsuspecting stranger was made aware that he had committed the heinous offence of laying sacrilegious

hands on the carefully-guarded provision of ink which the wealthy aunt of the monarch had purchased from a European traider as a toilet preparation for improving the complexion. The ill-starred explorer was forthwith put on his trial

and sentenced to death. His life was spared only through the intervention of the captain of a man-of-war lying at anchor in the bay, who propitiated the irate aunt by the gift of half a pint of black ink.



TIME: THE THIEF.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

TIME'S a thief! I trusted him
 When he came to me with smiles.
 I had heard that he was grim,
 Stern, and full of artful wiles.
 But he seemed so frank and kind,
 And so merry-hearted he,
 That I wholly changed my mind.
 Ah, what gay companions we!

Time's a thief! He stole away,
 All before I was aware,
 Gold of youth and left the gray
 Of life's autumn in my hair.
 Stole the roses from my face,—
 O youth's roses, fair to see!—
 Robbed my steps of agile grace,
 Fooled me so, and cheated me!

Time's a thief, I said. But stay!
 After all he was my friend.
 He has stolen much away—
 Has he not made some amend?
 He has helped me up life's steeps;
 He has given me home, and lit
 On its hearth a fire that keeps
 All cold weather out of it.

Time, forgive me what I said.
 What you took from me was dear.
 What you gave me in its stead
 Grows more precious every year.
 Roses fade, as fade they must,
 For life's vanished things, a sigh!
 But, O Time, I will be just—
 Greatly in your debt am I.



NEWS FROM PARIS.

FASHION has been lazy of late, say some of our *élégantes*, who dream of changes for every day of the year. But even fashion is tired at times and halts to rest.

However, here she is *en march* again, and is laden with all kinds of ideas which she distributes all around her, leaving all to work out her ideas as best they may.

For the moment, our attention is chiefly rivetted to walking costumes, which must be as simple as they are elegant, and with a touch of originality at the same time. In fact, during a day's walk or drive, you rarely see two *fashionable* ladies dressed alike. This variety may be somewhat confusing to the *fashion-seeker* in general, but it is charming to the artist's eye.

During a walk in the Bois a few mornings since (when I say morning, I mean our *fashionable* morning—that is, afternoon), I noticed some exquisite toilettes, which I immediately photographed in my eyes for the benefit of my friends in America. One of these was black and white striped Chine silk. The skirt was plain in front and at the sides, but very full and out-standing at the back. Not a vestige of trimming was on it. The bodice was equally plain, and without any basque, and was opened in front over a black velvet waistcoat, fastened in front by large steel buttons. Leg-of-mutton sleeves, of course, and white gloves

stitched with black. A white lace cravat round the neck.

Most skirts I noticed were made in the "Extinguisher" shape, with numbers of rows of braid or piping round the bottom. Most of the bodices, also, were nothing but little jackets trimmed round to match the skirt, and underneath a plain waistcoat of some light colored cloth, with embroidered pockets and edges.

Shoulder coverings consist of every shape and size, and made in cloth, moiré, velvet, etc.

Long jackets, very full at the bottom, are also worn. They are trimmed with enormous buttons, and have also appliqué embroideries of braid or cloth on them. White cloth revers, wrist band, and collars are considered stylish.

Transparent materials are used in preference to any other for the double skirts now making their appearance in fashion. These second shirts or tunics are opening a new horizon to us. No one can tell at the present moment what shapes they will eventually take. Just now they are merely long skirts draped on one side, and caught up a little below the waist with any ornament at hand.

There is a perfect rage now for very wide long cravats made of moiré or corded sarsenet ribbon, or half a width of satin or moiré. They are folded round the throat and tied in front in two immense bows with sloped ends trimmed with lace, which cover entirely the upper

part of the figure below the shoulders and the front of the dress.

The bodices of indoor toilettes a little out of date may be half or completely hidden by deep frills, scarfs, bretelles, stoles, and three-cornered fichus of beautiful lace, while the front of the skirt, if necessary, is partly covered by the long hanging ends of a large lace bow put on at the bust; bows, lace or ribbon, with a massive buckle are fastened at the waist. Colored laces, especially the favorite "buttercup yellow," or of a shade answering the ground stuff, have a most stylish appearance, and since fashionable costumes have been arranged in the most startling contrasts of color, ribbon ornamentations have come greatly into fashion; thus, a dress made entirely of one stuff and shade, will have quite a different effect if trimmed with ribbon of two opposite hues.

Most welcome additions to the list of renovation styles for out and indoor toilettes are little jackets, worn universally by women of all ages and with every kind of dress, and jacket trimmings. They are made of colored contrasting velvet and silk with woolen dresses; the pretty finishes are also lightened up by chemisettes of crape, gauze, or thin silk, which give a spring-like air to the whole costume.

Short bodices are still worn, but they are generally of the full or pleated type, and finished at the waist with ribbons falling in long ends and loops, or with narrow folded bands of silk or velvet cut on the bias, and finished with rosettes, or fastened with deep buckles or slides. The perfectly round banded waist is fast vanishing, and it certainly was never a becoming style, except to those with very straight, unformed figures, or to the thin, angular type.

For early summer wear the great desideratum is to have one's gown so arranged that it looks smart indoors, and yet has a finished effect without an outer wrap. The improved Eton suits of this season will fill both requirements admirably by making the rest removable, and replacing the little tie by a jabot of lace and ribbon, falling in cascade fashion over the front, it makes a smart home gown,

while the small, precise tie and the added basque give the correct jacket effect. If the figure is short, the front can apparently fasten one button higher, and it is always advisable that the vest be of soft silk in some contrasting color to stimulate a blouse under an open jacket. Red silk, dull Japanese or butcher blues, or any of the new shades in heliotrope or bois de rose, are effective in brown costumes, and a few of these shades go equally well with black; but the hat must then be kept to one color, or relieved with a corresponding tint to that of the vest.

Fig. 1 illustrates a modish visiting toilette of silk, with round bodice tastefully draped with lace, graceful trimmings of the same material decorate the skirt and sleeves. Rosettes, long loops, and ends of ribbon are smartly disposed upon the sleeves, bodice, and skirt.

The stylish hat of chip is trimmed with small tips, an aigrette, and bows of ribbon.

Very large sleeves still continue to rule, and there is not the slightest prospect that they will diminish for some time to come. Unless the size be carried to an exaggerated degree, the full sleeves of today are a vast improvement over the close-fitting sleeves of a few years ago, and a boon to slender, as well as stout ladies.

To avoid crushing the sleeves of thin silks, muslins, etc., the popular capes of cloth and silks are joys to womankind. Fig. 2 illustrates a dressy model of a summer cape developed in black silk, lace, and jet fringe and possementerie. The same model, with the long front portions cut off, developed in cloth, makes a serviceable wrap for travelling or morning wear.

Separate waists are a perfect craze this season, and are made of all manner of fabrics, from dainty silk muslins to prints.

Fig. 3 represents a good model for all classes of wash fabrics, as well as silk and wools, and can readily be copied by any clever woman. Fig. 4 is a choice model for a fine silk waist. The silk is accordion-pleated and set into a square yoke of velvet, which is edged with fancy trimming of silk cord; also the shoulder

seams, collar, and epaulets. The puffed sleeves have deeply-faced cuffs of plain silk.

Fig. 5 gives the reader a clear idea how to make a moiré ribbon and lace cravat, which is so fashionable at present. A charming house dress is pictured at Fig. 6, and may be developed in

fine wool, muslin, zephyrs, etc. The dainty dress for a wee girl illustrated at Fig. 7 is made of sheer muslin and decorated with fancy stitches in colored embroidery linen. Patterns for the work are given elsewhere in the magazine.

Fig. 8 represents a stylish model for a miss or young lady's dress, and may be



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

developed in a variety of summer fabrics.

The trimming department is stocked with all the newest kinds of trimmings, including some very pretty passementerie, covered with silver spangles. Braids and



FIG. 3.

gimps, so much worn of late, are now being thrown into the background by more elaborate passementerie, either with or without beads. New costumes show a great deal of such trimming, mostly placed like a tablier on the skirt, narrow at the top and going broader towards the bottom, and terminating in fine bead fringe. The bodice is trimmed to match. Another pleasing variation in this trimming consists in lining the back of the passementerie with contrasting-colored cloth. By this means a sombre-colored dress is quite brightened up.

A model costume for an elderly lady is made of fine black cloth. The skirt is trimmed in tablier effect, with handsome jet passementerie, in which cut-steel beads are freely intermingled. The bodice



FIG. 4.

and sleeves are correspondingly decorated, and a lining of rich silver gray and violet changeable satin ribbon is placed beneath the passementerie.



FIG. 5.

A dainty bonnet of fine black straw and jet, trimmed with a cluster of violets and silver-gray ribbon, completes this modish costume.

Fashionable buttons are confined al-

and sparkling jeweled effects are used on silk and novelty wools. Cut-steel buttons were never more beautiful, and are largely used upon fine black costumes.

Pearl and horn buttons are chosen for



FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

most entirely to two sizes, the extremely large and small being most serviceable in the decoration of the present style of dress. Richly cut and chased metals,

outing costumes of duck, linen and wools.

Women who possess some really handsome jet buttons, either very small or

large, can readily utilize a few of the larger ones upon one of the stylish silk coats, which are so popular at present, or two dozen of the tiny bell or flat pattern will close the vest of a jaunty



FIG. 8.

travelling costume. For the little man's jacket the tiny gilt or bronze metal are most favored, and pearl, both smoked and white, decorate girls' and misses' garments.

Cambric chemises for the evening still continue to be made either entirely without sleeves, or at most a small trimmed band of some kind round the armhole; and the drawn work on such elegant articles is always mounted on colored silk, sateen and satin, to agree if possible, with the color of the dress ornamentation. It is also necessary to mention that the frills, or drawn work, on many new night dresses and chemises trimmed with ribbon, are embroidered with a color to match this.

Sets of linen made of colored lawn and cambric are considered in best taste with lace decorations of some kind, put on pretty wide. We have been shown, too, a novel finish, which consists of small white cambric puffings, or rather bouillonnés, and pale colored ribbon run through casings where required, with small rosettes sewn on at short distances between the bouillonnés.

A particular and necessary change has

taken place in the shape of under clothing, and tight-fitting garments have disappeared almost entirely to make way for wide loose forms. Petticoats and underskirts of all kinds are cut of a round-bell shape; chemises and drawers show likewise a width to which we have long been strangers, and the fullness on the latter is drawn in at the knee with silk strings. The fashionable bertha trimmings on chemises give also the upper part of the figure the wide appearance now considered necessary.

A design of ladies' night dress, shown at Fig. 9, is prettily made of sheer cambric, and trimmed around the yoke and sleeves with ruffles of the same, edged with narrow torchon lace. Between the rows of puffing on the yoke and sleeves fancy stitches are wrought in linen floss.



FIG. 9.

HOSIERY AND SHOES.

Whether of lisle thread, silk, or Balbriggan, black hosiery still remains the favorite color; however, a strong rival is

found in tan-colored stockings, which can be found in all shades from very light to dark-leather tints. Worn with russet-leather boots, ties or house and evening slippers of tan Suède, they are



FIG. 10.

very harmonious. Black hosiery is permissible for street though russet ties are worn. To be strictly in style the hosiery should exactly match the color of the evening toilette, as should also the slippers, which are of the material of the dress if it be of velvet, silk, satin or cloth. White canvas shoes will be used again during midsummer. Metal and rhinestone buckles are seen upon fine house slippers, also large bows of ribbon.

Shoes having patent-leather vamps with cloth or kid tops are worn with elaborate toilettes of the afternoon. These are made on Spanish lasts, with high heel and arched instep.

The English walking-shoe is in high favor and a joy forever to the woman who delights in long tramps, whether in town or country. They are made amply large with low broad heels and slightly pointed toes, which are tipped with patent leather, while French kid or morocco is used for the top and vamps.

GLOVES.

For travelling and general wear in the morning gloves of kid are preferred in shades of dark oak-red, brown, tan, navy blue and black. Delicately tinted undressed kid gloves lightly stitched with silk and fastened with four large buttons are the modish fancy for the theatre, calling, weddings and receptions.

White gloves are preferred for dressy evening wear, but those who find these unbecoming may wear delicate pearl-gray, tan or mode Suède.

Outing gloves of white wash-leather will be worn this season and are made with loose and closely-buttoned wrists.

Evening cloaks are made of lightweight cloth or heavy silk, and reach to the ground. A long cape falls to the waist and a dainty ruching of lace and



FIG. 11.

silk finishes the neck of the garment boa fashion.

Some tempting bargains are seen in the costume departments of the city houses. Eton costumes made of covert

cloth, serge, chevots, etc., in shades of mode, tan, fawn, black and navy blue, well made and the jacket silk lined, are selling from \$13.00 to \$18.00 without the vest, which varies in price from two to four dollars, according to material and

dotted effects. Irregular marbled trace-ries are noted on a piece of fine novelty wool, as mauve on a dull-green ground, pink on chocolate, ophelia and red, dark gray and blue, ophelia and Nile, etc.

Woolen satin is noted in all the mod-ish colors and shades.

The newest material of this season, however, is a material called "Filibustier." It is a mixture of wool and silk, and wonderfully soft and supple to touch, though its appearance reminds you of packing cloth. This is in prime favor with all elegant Parisian ladies, and all our most fashionable morning costumes are made of this rough-looking but most exquisitely soft and delicate material. Remember its name—"Filibustier."

For evening wear, plain and figured moiré is largely worn. Satin is in as much favor as ever. Very little faille is worn. Ribbed silk, on the contrary, is very fashionable; also *mille raies* pekings. Velvet, of course, and handsome bro-



FIG. 12.

finish. Vests of silk, linen and piqué are all stylish and are made both high and low at the neck; the latter, of course, are to be worn over a linen chemisette. White piqué vests are particularly desirable as they give such a crispness to a midsummer toilette.

DRESS FABRICS.

The prevailing colors of the day are soft, faded tints or else those of superbly rich colors. A great number of exquisite floral patterns are noted among the fine French crêpons, printed silks, grenadines, lawns, cotton sateens, etc. Few shot effects are noted among the new fabrics, the various tints of which the colors are composed are woven together in threads, and so interwoven as to give fine striped, checked, crêpe, or irregular



FIGS. 13 AND 14.

cadés are worn by matrons, young and old. Light materials such as lace, gauze, mousseline de soie, tulle, and spanked tulle are worn as over-dresses or tunics over satin and brocade. Thus I have seen a Brussels lace looped up on one side over a pale-blue brocade, and a

white-spangled tulle over white moiré; white lace over white brocade or pink satin.

Crape dresses are trimmed sometimes with black velvet or gold-colored satin, or rows of feather bands, or garlands of flowers, foliage, and even straw.

Over-skirts looped up slightly over one hip are very much worn, both for day and evening wear. The over-skirt, however, must always be of a very soft material, as tulle, crape gauze, veiling, India silk, etc. The looping is concealed by a brooch, buckle, or bow on the hip.

For evening I have seen a Princess robe with long train, opened in front, and caught up on each side like curtains. The under-skirt is then of some hand-



FIG. 15.

some embroidery, lace, or any other beautiful stuff.

MILLINERY.

I have seen at one of our best private milliners, and which may guide your choice when bent on the serious occupation of buying a new bonnet or hat. The "Renaissance" comes first on my list. It is large in shape, and made of spangled tulle, with a feather trimming round the edge. Spangled tulle and feather tips, nothing else. Remember this!

Another uncommon hat is also of black spangled tulle, and its curves are drawn through jet rings. The crown is of spangled velvet. Two black feather tips are coquettishly placed on one side, and a bunch of flowers falls at the back.

Another jetted tulle hat is called the "Sphinx." The crown is of colored velvet, and it rises at the back, in "Sphinx-ear" style. In front two bunches of violets.

Then I saw a lovely little toque all of jet, and the brim draped with ivory lace; a bunch of feathers, with jet buckle and flowers on one side.

The "Isorah" toque is still more elegant. It is of "rainbow" spangles, and has a bow of miroir velvet wings in front, and at the back a comb of rainbow spangles, forming a fringe over the neck. I must also mention a toque of tan colored silk cloth, edged round with a fringe of feather tips; a bunch of violets in front, and a "windmill" bow of velvet at the back.



Another toque is of draped violet velvet, and is lined with écru satin. The brim is edged round with jet cabochons and stars, a little tuft of black feathers on one side.

Bows of four or six large loops are much worn at the back, and also in front, resting on the hair. This style is very becoming to ladies with a rather full face.

Flowers, jet and steel buckles are all worn. One of the latest styles is a large bow made of feather tips, with a large steel and straw buckle in front.

Very original is a hat of green and gold fancy straw, trimmed with a bow of canary-colored ribbon and two large green chrysanthemums. A stylish hat is of fine black straw, trimmed with turquoise-blue velvet and three paste buckles placed at intervals, and a cluster of pink roses at the side. A very dainty creation has a wreath of rose-pink roses running round under the brim, and falling upon the hair in becoming fashion. Bonnets are in great variety, and I noticed, among several, a particular pretty one in black and gold. Black flowers, such as roses and violets, are seen on several of the Parisian models.

Another very lovely bonnet was of

black lace covered with frosted feathers, surmounted by a rose-colored satin bow.

Sailor hats are still worn by those young enough to wear them. They have an aigrette of violets and quills at the side, and a large bunch of violets under the brim at the back.

A pretty wide-brimmed hat of burnt straw is covered with fine black lace; black satin ribbon is twisted round the crown, and fastened with a bow and two black ostrich tips at the side, while a pink rose is placed at the back.

Fig. 10 illustrates a stylish theatre bonnet of spangled net and velvet, trimmed with a handsome cut-steel buckle and clusters of violets.

The quaint sunbonnet pictured at Fig. 11 gives the reader a good idea of the style most in favor for the summer. The finest embroidery, muslins and lawns are used in their making.

A charming tan cloth waistcoat, lined with silk and ornamented with smart buttons, is another novelty of the season, while similar articles in piqué, delightfully cool for summer wear, are in great variety.

For a serviceable travelling and storm coat Fig. 12 is a model of what this class of garment should be, and no woman who has a well-ordered wardrobe should be without one made of serge, cheviot, or cloth. Large buttons of pearl close the fronts, and tailor stitching finishes all seams. Figs. 13 and 14 illustrate charming modes for a little girl of five years, and a miss of fifteen. The little girl's coat is made of white piqué, with richly braided yoke. The cloth skirt of Fig. 16 is simply trimmed with two rows of braid, and the stylish waist is made of fancy striped silk.

GEMS IN FANCY WORK.

So many pretty ornamental trifles suitable for bazaars, birthday presents, etc., and not requiring much time in doing may be made by hand; only as one of our readers once observed "it is so difficult to know which to choose." Although we have often given many specimens of such quick work in our technical numbers, we doubt not, that a

few more examples of such, and additional hints will be acceptable.

Our small work bag is a very dainty little affair. It is made of a piece of silk 10 in. square, with a narrow hem all round and an edge of gold thread, crochet picots. A cord about 5 in. long

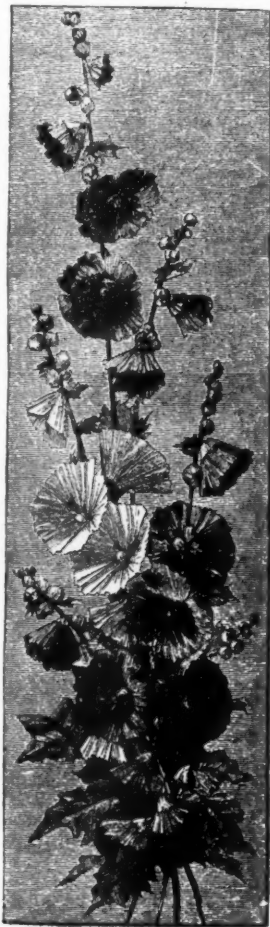


FIG 16.

is fastened 3 in. beneath one corner, an ivory ring, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter is threaded on to it, and a full pompon is sewn on to the end. The four corners are pushed through the ring to close the bag, whilst the cord drawn underneath them serve as strings to hold it by (see Fig. 15).

Painting on grained oilcloth offers a delightful field for the production of many charming and useful room decorations. The painting should be done lightly and quickly, and therefore requires some artistic skill; the good English oil colors are the best, but they should be thinned with a good deal of medium in order to make the colors as transparent looking as possible. Then, too, in the case of a dark background with light flowers, the background can, with the best effect, be allowed to shine through where deep shades are required. Of course the

use of for shading the various greens and darker, white tones. Painted oilcloth table runners and covers for round or crescent-shaped tables are useful, as they bear washing with soap and water, and in addition to their ornamental effect, protect table covers from ink or grease spots.

HANDSOME HEAD-REST.

A soft down pillow, eleven by thirteen inches, forms the foundation of this pretty head-rest. It is smoothly covered with figured China silk of a bright canary-yellow. A deep double frill of



FIG. 17.

choice of color for the oilcloth is influenced by its intended purpose and the other fittings of the room in which the panel or screen is to find a place. In the accompanying sketch we have pink and white hollyhocks very naturally imitated on a soft green background, which harmonizes splendidly with the gray, green buds, bright, green leaves, and effective, full-blown flowers. The background has also in this instance been skillfully made

the silk is inserted in each end seam, and over them are narrower, cascaded frills of handsome lace edging. At each upper corner is attached a long loop of yellow ribbon and bows of the same cover the joining.

Double frills of plain silk, in some prettily contrasting shade, might be substituted for the lace frills if desired; and silk cord loops to match might be used for suspension.

PUBLISHERS PAGE



"THE GUN-BEARER"—By Edward A. Robinson and George A. Wall, is a story of the great Civil War. It opens with the cry of war sounded by a newsboy through the stormy midnight air in a country village. Then follows the call to arms, the people's response, the leave-takings, first news of the battle and the return of the wounded, exciting in the mind of the young hero of the story an ardent desire to become a soldier. The death of his father compels his mother to break up the home and go to Kentucky. There, under the influence of tales of army life told by a cousin at home on a furlough, the youth decides to enlist in the Union Army. When the furlough expires, both set out for Camp Burnside to join a Kentucky regiment. The story then deals with the life of a private in the ranks, his experience in camp, on the march, in bivouac, on picket duty, in skirmishes and in battles. It is a narrative of wonderful power, simplicity and interest. The story culminates with the desperate battle of Franklin, where General Schofield, with ten thousand men wrestled with General Hood and three times as many Confederates. The hero in this battle is wounded in the act of capturing a battle flag. He is carried off the field, and finally recovers under the care of his mother and the girl who has been the star of his hopes during the trying days of soldiering. There is a delightful romance woven in the hero's life, but the great interest of the story is the adventures in the army. On every page are proofs that it is drawn from the writer's experience. None but a soldier could have written it.

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TO JUNE 20 ONLY.—Our readers will please note that the "Atlas of the World" and "Popular Melodies," offered on another page, cannot be supplied at the prices named after June 20. The postage on books of this class will be increased by the Government, July 1, and we cannot guarantee to fill orders at present prices after June 20. Both books are worth much more than the prices are now, and our subscribers will surely be pleased with them.

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MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.—A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

AN HONEST DOCTOR.—Pilles—That young Dr. Sagely is a queer person. Squills—How so?

Pilles—Mrs. Hyswelle called him in to prescribe for one of her indispositions and he told her there was nothing the matter with her and proved it. And yet he wonders why he doesn't get on better with his rich patients.—*Chicago Record.*



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THE WORLD'S FAIR



SHE HAD FAITH.—An old Irish woman's cow was sick unto death, so she turned to the priest to save it. "I can't do anything to keep your cow from dying," he said in patience.

"Fath an begorra it's you that can if any one can," she answered in simple faith.

Unwilling to have her reverence in his shaken, the old man went to her cabin. The sick cow was brought out into the yard and propped up, then the priest began a solemn march around it, chanting monotonously, "If you die, you die; if you live, you live." When at last the tired priest sat down, the cow was reviving, and it afterward lived to a green old age. Some year later the priest was at the point of death with a dreadful quinsy, when the old Irish woman presented herself at the house and told the doctor she could cure him. She was laughed to scorn, but at last had her own way. She insisted on having the doctor's bed brought out into the middle of the floor, and around it slowly cantered, singing, "If you live, you live, and if you die, you die." The humor of the situation tickled the suffering priest so that a hearty laugh broke the quinsy, and he also lived to a green old age.

SHE WANTED TIME.—"Will you be my wife?"

That was the conundrum he had asked her.

It is a conundrum which has been asked many times, and many men have had to give it up.

"I must have time to reply," she said.

"How much time will you require?"

"Really, I don't know. There are seven ahead of you, not yet disposed of; but I hope to clean up all my unfinished business before the summer hotels open. Suppose you come around about the middle of June."

"Sdeath," he hissed between his set teeth, "that is what comes of a girl being worth a million in her own right," and the girl looked carelessly at a card the butler presented on a silver salver and told him to show the gentleman up.

First—

Those who do not know—leave them.

"Second—Those who know and know they do not know—are children—teach them."

"Third—Those who know and do not know they know—are asleep—rouse them."

"Fourth—Those who know and know they know; these are wise men—follow them."

She certainly knew what she was talking about, and the wise man will know which division he ought to fall into.

THEY were standing at the front gate. "Won't you come into the parlor and sit a little while, Georgie dear?" "No-o, I think not," replied Georgie, hesitatingly. "I wish you would," the girl went on; "it's so awfully lonely. Mother has gone out, and father is up stairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs." "Both legs—sure?" asked George. "Yes; both legs." "Then I'll come in."



COMRADES.